

THE
MEMORIES OF
ROSE EYTINGE



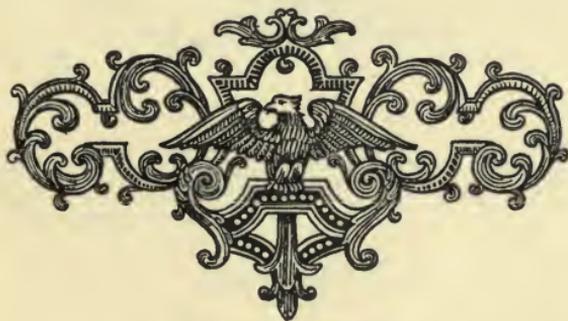
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THE MEMORIES
OF
ROSE EYTINGE

The MEMORIES *of*
ROSE EYTINGE

Being RECOLLECTIONS & OB-
SERVATIONS of *Men, Women,*
and Events, during half a century

BY ROSE EYTINGE



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THE MEMORIES
OF
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CHAPTER I

THE STAGE AND ITS INFLUENCES—MY FIRST ENGAGEMENT—THE INSTALLMENT SYSTEM—A SABBATARIAN BOARDING-HOUSE—"BREAD EATEN IN SECRET"—MY FIRST "HEAVY" PART, AND MY FIRST TRAIN

I WONDER why it is that stage-folk, both men and women, always think it a fine thing to decry stage-life to the young man or woman who thinks of entering that life. They must know that their attempt at depreciation is not just; that the life which they decry is a good one. The stage brings pleasure and brightness to many whose lives would be without any influences more elevating than workaday interests. It brings quick returns in recognition of talent, and, in a thousand ways makes apparent its superiority as a vocation. And for kindli-

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ness, good-fellowship, a willing heart, and a ready hand to help each other, where will these virtues be found developed as they are among the players?

When I was a slip of a girl I went upon the stage.

At that time (a happy time!) there was in New York — and, I believe, in the whole United States — but one dramatic agent. This was Charles Parsloe (father of the late Charles Parsloe, better known as *The Heathen Chinee*), who had an office in Chambers Street. To him I went and asked for an engagement. Evidently I impressed him favourably, for without any difficulty and with very little delay he found me a chance to go to Syracuse, N. Y., there to join a dramatic stock company under the management of Mr. Geary Hough.

On my arrival the question of wardrobe promptly presented itself, and at first it seemed a very serious and troublesome problem; but Mr. Hough speedily found a solution of the difficulty. He was a widower of recent date, and his late wife had been his leading woman. As

THE INSTALLMENT SYSTEM

he still had her stage wardrobe intact, and as tailor-made gowns and wrinkleless robes were not then the vogue, I had very little difficulty in adapting this wardrobe to my needs. Accordingly I bought the garments and paid for them "on the installment plan," Mr. Hough deducting from my salary a small weekly sum. I have often wondered since if Mr. Hough and I were the pioneers of the installment system. If so, may we be forgiven!

In this, my first engagement, I was drawing a salary of seven dollars a week, and it might be considered that my life was one of hardship and privation. Not at all. Money was worth much more then than it is now, and on this apparently small salary I could live in modest comfort. I lived in a boarding-house, in which also dwelt Mr. and Mrs. Frank Humphreys, the leading man and leading woman of the company, together with several others of its members. I had a pleasant, comfortable little room, with board, fire, and light, for which I paid three dollars a week, and, while I do not pretend to say that abundance in any form was within my means,

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I suffered no privations. The table was furnished with the ordinary boarding-house fare, and naturally was neither so abundant nor so luxurious as to make any of us fear gout.

Our only really hard experience was on Sunday. The landlady was a strict Sabbatarian and would have no food cooked on that day, and so, from Saturday night until Monday morning, we, her helpless prisoners, virtuously and virtually starved until, in a blessed hour, I discovered that food galore was stored in the cellar. I at once laid my discovery before Mr. Humphreys, and hope dawned upon us.

The first Sunday after our discovery, Mr. Humphreys, armed with a villainous-looking scimitar (one with which I have no doubt, many a stage murder had been committed), and I, armed with a lighted candle (a juvenile *Lady Macbeth*), stole at midnight in the stealthy silence of stockinged feet, down to the cellar. There, surrounded by the bodies of our destined victims, which were suspended against the walls upon huge hooks, by apples which blushed a rosy red for our shame, by potatoes with their eyes fixed upon us, and by butter

BREAD EATEN IN SECRET

which was trying to smooth away our iniquities, we committed our burglary.

From a side of beef Mr. Humphreys cut a nice, tender steak (not at all the sort we usually got) and from the loins of an innocent sheep some sweet, succulent chops, while I secured the "trimmings,"—bread and butter, condiments, fruit; in fact any "unconsidered trifle" I could lay hands upon.

Then, in fear and trembling, we crept upstairs, laden with our "loot," to find Mrs. Humphreys paralysed with fear and filled with reproaches and reprimands,—but also with a nice, clear fire.

The reader may picture our delight, when, after carefully securing the door, and taking every precaution against surprise, we broiled our booty upon a gridiron improvised from two crossed swords.

Let me say here that I never suffered any of those perils and temptations which, we are told, beset the paths of girls who adopt the stage as their profession. At this time I was little more than a child, but the company of which

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I found myself a member was made up of good, kind, decent folk. Every man Jack and woman Jill of it was good and kind, though they did not fail to "pitch into" me when I deserved such treatment, which doubtless was pretty often. Yet never, either during working hours in the theatre, or in hours of rest and relaxation at home, did I hear an unseemly word or witness an unseemly act.

When I first joined the company an accident fixed my position in it most agreeably. The leading man wanted to play "The Old Guard," and I was cast for *Melanie*, and from this circumstance my "hall-mark" of leading juvenile woman was established.

With especial affection I remember Mrs. Frank Humphreys, the leading woman of our company. After her husband's death she married William Jamieson, a son of William Jamieson of "Consuelo" fame.

I played my first "heavy" part in this company. A lurid drama called "The Wandering

BORROWED PLUMES

Boys" was put up. Susan Denim was the star; some actors whom I cannot remember played the boys; and I was cast for the blood-thirsty *Baroness* who persecuted them. It must be remembered that this *Baroness* was supposed to be a person whose age might run from fifty years up (and I was scarcely fifteen) and that the part imperatively demanded a black-velvet train.

It is needless to say I did not possess any such splendid equipment. My limited salary did not permit the possibility of its purchase, and the wardrobe of the late Mrs. Hough did not contain one. What was to be done? Mrs. Humphreys came to my rescue. She offered me hers,—a new one, purchased for this engagement, the star of her stage wardrobe, the apple of her eye, her fetich,—*and she lent it to me*. Could friendship go further?

The fateful night of the first performance of "The Wandering Boys" arrived — that is, so far as the public was concerned. But the real performance that night was making me up and dressing me for the part of the *Baroness*. This called for the full feminine force of the com-

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pany, and they all filed promptly into my dressing-room and the work began.

My hair was parted in a straight line over my nose, plastered down over my ears, and spattered down my cheeks, and then my face was "lined." Looking back upon my face as it was then, I have no doubt that those same, carefully drawn and shaded lines, instead of producing the desired effect of giving me an appearance of age, only served to accentuate its youthfulness.

The ceremony of making-up being concluded, my corps of attendants proceeded to put me into the black-velvet train; but as fast as they put me into it I slipped out of it,—there was so much of the train, and so little of me! In memory I can still see those dear, kindly folk, as they stood around me; the various expressions of hopelessness with which I was regarded in the matter of the waist,—such a *waste* of waist and such a dearth of *Baroness*. But, pinned in here and taken in there, and, as a last resort, draped in black lace to cover discrepancies, I was finally hustled on the stage.

Up to this moment I had been an interested

MY FIRST TRAIN

spectator rather than an active participant in the robing act, and was secretly feeling the keenest delight at having attained the dignity of this, my first train. But when I found myself standing on the stage, and saw behind me that long, black, trailing something that moved whenever I moved, that insisted upon following me, that would be dragged after me wherever I went, I conceived a sort of horror of it. It seemed to my overwrought mind that it was some sort of a hideous dragon, and that I was its victim, condemned to drag it after me for the rest of my life. I dissolved in fears and tears, tears which of course must have removed from my face all those carefully traced lines which were to have given it weight and age.

Oh! what a performance I must have given of that blood-thirsty *Baroness!*

CHAPTER II

THE GREEN STREET THEATRE, ALBANY — THE DIGNITY OF
LEADING WOMAN — DRESSMAKING — AN ACRID BUT
KINDLY LANDLADY

THE second engagement in my career as an actress (which I also obtained through the good offices of Mr. Parsloe) was at the Green Street Theatre, Albany, and by this time my status in the company was assured. I was now the "leading woman," or perhaps I ought rather to say that I played the leading business. Crude no doubt, a good deal of my work was, for I was not a woman at all, but just a saucy girl. Everybody in and about the theatre conspired to spoil me, and vied with each other in being kind to me and helping me.

My opening part was that of *Virginia*, in support of J. A. Neafie's *Virginus*. I knew nothing about *Virginus*, and still less about *Virginia*, and the more I learned about her the more frightened I became. Besides, I had no

DRESSMAKING

costumes for the part. All my surplus capital was invested in unbleached muslin — that valuable fabric, cheese-cloth, was not then invented — and I sat up all night for a couple of nights engaged in the manufacture of Miss *Virginia's* costumes. When the day of the last rehearsal and the performance arrived, what with loss of sleep, fatigue, and nervousness, I was in rather a pitiful plight. I could not even pull myself together and read *Virginia's* lines, much less speak them. Management, star and company were all in a panic. I afterward learned that a member of the company was safe in a dressing-room at night, up in the lines, and ready to go on and finish the performance when I should, as seemed inevitable, fail.

But I did not fail, and the lady did not go on.

I boarded with a little old lady who made up in temper what she lacked in proportions. She certainly could not have weighed more than eighty pounds, but it was enough! And she, too, was good to me. To be sure, it was in

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rather a severe and disapproving way, especially at first, but she thawed in time.

She never would have taken me in at all if I had not gone to her highly recommended, for she, like most good folk who know nothing about them, disapproved of actresses, and when she first saw me she snipped acrimoniously, and said: "Humph! you ought to be at home and going to school." And when I replied, with more tact than truth, that I hoped to be at home with her, and added that I also hoped to make the theatre my school, she did not seem to be greatly impressed; but she said, grudgingly, that I might come, and she would try me. And she did, often and severely!

She gave me a little garret room, which contained, among other comforts, a tiny wood stove, and for this and my board I paid her \$3.50 a week, this being about the ordinary price for board at that time.

At first she was very severe with me. If I did not get down for breakfast by eight o'clock I got it cold, or not at all. When I reached home at night the house was dark, save for the dim light from a tiny lamp of japanned tin—I can

AN ACRID LANDLADY

see it now — which contained about a gill of oil. My instructions were to bolt the front door, and, with the aid of this lamp, light myself up to my room. If I lingered in my preparations for bed my light went out.

But I soon changed that. I provided myself with sperm candles, and, after carefully locking the door, I produced them from their hiding-place and lighted up. If my old *chatelaine* had ever discovered this, my tenure would have been brief, for she would have expected to be burned in her bed.

Many a night did I light my fire and candles, draw my little table up beside my bed, and ensconce myself therein and study,— and I was never burned.

Slowly my tiny tyrant softened toward me. Once, when I had a severe cold, she sent my breakfast up to me. I could not have been more astonished if it had rained larks! Gradually this delightful innovation became a habit. Then there began to appear a tiny tray containing a little luncheon, flanking the little japanned tin lamp.

Gradually I found myself admitted to the

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kitchen on baking-days, and when Christmas goodies were in course of preparation I was permitted to help prepare the fruit and beat the eggs.

Then there came a tremendous proposal. I was to give up acting and come and live with my old friend — indeed she had proved herself a true friend — and be her foster-daughter and help her conduct the boarding-house, and when she died it, and all else she was possessed of, should be mine. When I declined this offer she did not resent my decision, but to the last was my dear, kind, if somewhat sharp and acrid friend.

CHAPTER III

OLD-TIME STARS — JULIA DEAN — CHARLOTTE CRAMPTON
— ADA CLARE — BOHEMIA

VERY hard I had to work to support the stars that came in a steady procession to the Green Street Theatre. Among them I remember Julia Dean, surely one of "the sweetest women e'er drew breath." It seemed to be a sort of benediction when she leaned over and fixed her soft, gentle eyes upon one.

Greater than all the rest was Mrs. Shaw. She was very beautiful, with a grand, stately sort of beauty, and a voice like the rich tones of an organ. Never shall I forget her, as she stood like an empress, her exquisitely moulded arm extended, and exclaimed: "On your lives, I charge ye, bring Huon back to me!"

Then there were old Peter Richings, pompous and puffy, and his "daughter Caroline," self-contained and supercilious, but a sweet, highly-cultivated woman, and, notwithstanding the



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arduous nature of her profession, a most accomplished needlewoman.

Among others were William Goodall, who shone upon the dramatic firmament like a meteor, and died all too young; Edward Eddy, so many years "the darling of the gods"; J. J. Proctor; Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Connor; Maggie Mitchell, and many others whose names I cannot now recall.

I kept up with this procession of stars, supporting them; and the study and preparation of my costumes, all of which I made myself, made the work very hard; but I was very happy in it, and everybody praised me, and surely the strongest incentive to work is praise.

Of course I had my troubles. I remember one—a fright anent Charlotte Crampton, a great actress, and a brilliant, great-hearted woman, but very excitable and apt to be carried to extremes in her acting by giving too full scope to her emotions. In her repertory there was a melodrama in which she played a wronged and neglected wife, and I the siren who was the occasion of her grief. The third act closed with my death at her hands in a very realistic

CHARLOTTE CRAMPTON

fashion. I, in white, was awaiting her husband. Enter to me Charlotte, in black, and in a rage. A stormy scene followed, which culminated in her producing a carving-knife and cutting my throat, the blood spurting over my white gown, and she standing over me in triumph. When, at rehearsal, Miss Crampton demanded a real carving-knife, there was a very vigorous demur on the part of the stage-manager, but the star insisted. I was not afraid. But when at night Charlotte entered, her eyes afire, and her frame trembling with emotion, I confess to some tremors, and when, after being flung to the floor, I saw this woman with blazing eyes, standing over me brandishing that dreadful knife, I uttered a shriek and knew no more.

I also met Ada Clare. How beautiful she was! When she came I knew nothing of the circumstances, but I afterward learned that it was the result of a proposition from her to join the company on trial. She selected for her appearance a farce,—“The Pet of the Petticoats,” I think,—she playing *Virginie*. I believe she made this selection because it was a French dialect part.

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She went to the theatre directly on the morning of her arrival in the town, but as I did not reach the theatre until after she had left it, I missed seeing her for the present. However, I found the company entire there, and they amused themselves by proceeding to "take a rise" out of me. They told me, among many other things of like sort, which I cannot now remember, that I had better go at once and obtain a willow wreath to wear in place of the crown which I had just lost. My reign was over. The girl who had just arrived was a much prettier girl than I; was fair, with golden hair; clever — far more clever than I was; and *so* amiable; not a bit saucy,— etc.

I remember that I held my own fairly well during this fusillade, and though in my heart I felt many a qualm, I opposed a bold front to their attacks. I perched upon a table that happened to have been left on the stage, and there I sat and swung my legs, and, with a saucy assumption of indifference, flung defiance at them. But I am afraid it was very poor counterfeiting. In my heart I was sadly frightened and cast down. I loved those folk, and I be-

ADA CLARE

lieve that they loved me. I would have been very sorry to have found myself supplanted in their admiration or good will.

At night I saw Ada Clare, who was all and more than they had said, and then, as throughout my life, I have always done, I prostrated myself before the altar of beauty. So far from feeling envious of her, I gave her my warmest admiration, my love and allegiance.

Not very long after this Ada Clare and I were both living in New York. Ada had installed herself in a dainty little house on West Forty-second Street, and there, of a Sunday evening, could be found a group of men and women, all of whom had distinguished themselves in various avenues,— in literature, art, music, drama, war, philanthropy. The women were beautiful and brilliant, the men clever and distinguished. I cannot remember more than a few of these people, but of those who live in my memory are John Clancey, owner and editor of the "Leader," then a popular weekly paper; Stephen Fiske; William Winter and his wife, Lizzie Campbell,— then boy and girl, bride-

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groom and bride; Peter B. Sweeney; Mary Freeman Goldbeck; Fanny Brown; Walt Whitman; Henry Clapp; William Stuart; Edward H. House; and many others.

This was Bohemia, and our fairy-like, beautiful young hostess was its queen. A veritable queen she was, receiving from her subjects their love and loyalty, which she won by her quiet sincerity and unpretentious, unconscious dignity, and drawing from each member of her court, by her gracious presence, all that was best in them of brilliancy, kindness, courtesy, and wit.

CHAPTER IV

ABRAHAM LINCOLN — THE PRINCE OF WALES — FERNANDO
WOOD — THURLOW WEED — HUGH HASTINGS — DANIEL
S. DICKINSON AND MRS. DICKINSON

IT was in Albany that I was a witness to, and a participant in, two occasions, both memorable, and one of them marking an epoch in this country's history. This latter was the passage of ABRAHAM LINCOLN through the old Dutch city, as he journeyed from his Western home to Washington, there to be installed as an immortal President of these United States.

We all know how Abraham Lincoln looked. His face is enshrined in our memories, as his virtues are in our hearts; but certainly my first sight of that extraordinary man was a startling experience. He sat in an open carriage; and as, from time to time, he rose to bow to the solidly massed people who made the air resonant with their welcoming cheers, the impression that he gave was that his length was endless.

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And his hands! Was there ever, before or since, such a pair of hands? There did not appear to be any wrist in the scheme of his anatomy: his great gnarled hand seemed to run straight up to reach his long, gaunt arm.

His face! It was rugged and rough; but from his dark, deep-set eyes there shone, and about the lines of his mouth there played, such a tender kindness, such a soft influence, that one was led to forget his personal peculiarities and to feel that to find shelter beneath that benignant gaze would be to find safety.

The other memorable day in Albany was that on which the Prince of Wales visited that city.

Of course we are all good republicans, but there is no denying that Americans "dearly love a lord,"—and the mere sight of a prince! Well,—that quiet, staid, Dutchly, phlegmatic little town went fairly wild at the sight of the slender, fair-haired boy. The neighbouring towns for miles around had, apparently, poured their entire populations into the streets, which were black with people. The air was rent with shouts; the wildest enthusiasm prevailed.

TWO HISTORICAL FIGURES

And the enthusiasm which was shown that day in Albany to the Prince of Wales was repeated wherever he went, throughout the length and breadth of the land. It was a testimony of respect to his mother; a greeting of love and amity from the American republic to the mother country: a cry of brotherhood; a clasp of hands across the sea, the destruction of revolutionary prejudice, and the awakening of the present spirit of alliance.

As I write, the figures of several people whom I met in Albany, emerge from the mists of my memory. Of these, two were men who, each in his opposite sphere, left a deep mark on the pages of contemporaneous history. One was a power in New York city politics; the other wielded a great influence in national as well as in State and city affairs, besides reaching across the Atlantic.

The first of these two distinguished men was Fernando Wood, at that time mayor of New York, and to know whom was to understand the secret of his power. He had every quality and personal attribute to make him a leader

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of men. Strikingly handsome, though at this time an old man, his was the straight, slender figure and the elastic springy walk of a boy of twenty; a clear-cut face, aquiline nose, piercing dark eyes, with heavy well-marked brows, silver-white hair, and heavy white moustache.

The other figure of this notable pair is the towering person of Thurlow Weed, the Warwick of American politics; wielding his baton of power from his sanctum in the office of the Albany "Evening Journal," of which powerful newspaper he was editor and proprietor. He also was a man of singular and impressive appearance. He was very tall,—so tall, indeed, and so slender, that in standing or walking he leaned forward, not actually stooping, but bending, as we sometimes see a slender tree bending before a light breeze. His complexion was dark, and his face was long and deeply marked, with deep-set, dark eyes that looked out in a searching way from under heavy, pent-house brows. His arms and hands were unusually long, giving him a powerful reach; indeed he enjoyed the reputation of having a great reach

THE DICKINSONS

to strike an enemy, but it was also said of him that he had an equally long reach and a firm hold with which to help a friend.

Another man who was a power in the politics of the State of New York, and whom I met in Albany, was Hugh Hastings, editor and proprietor of the Albany "Knickerbocker"; and I cannot take leave of this quaint old city without recording my loving recollection of two dear friends whom I met there, whom I knew afterward in their beautiful, hospitable home in Binghamton, and whose love and friendship I was privileged to enjoy until, after lives spent in good deeds, they each in turn lay down to rest in the beauty of holiness. The world is brightened and bettered by the presence of such persons as Daniel S. Dickinson and his wife.

CHAPTER V

EDWIN BOOTH — THE CRIME OF JOHN WILKES BOOTH AND THE DISPOSITION OF HIS REMAINS

THE finest monument that any man could wish to have erected to his memory is that which is felt and voiced by every one who ever met Edwin Booth, bearing testimony to his gentleness, his sweet temper, his unvarying, simple kindness.

When I first met Edwin Booth I was at Niblo's Garden, New York, playing under the management of William Wheatley. I took the part of *Blanche de Nevers* in "The Duke's Motto," in which Mr. Wheatley himself played *Lagar-dere*, with his catch-phrase, "I am here," that obtained such a widespread popularity.

Mr. Booth was about to produce at that theatre Tom Taylor's "A Fool's Revenge," and he offered me the part of *Fiordilisa*. I do not know if the piece was then printed. At all events I did not see a printed book, but studied

A PICTURESQUE COSTUME

my lines from a written part; and either there was nothing in the lines that indicated the obscurity and poverty of *Bertuccio*, or I overlooked them. So, in dressing *Fiordilisa*, I let my love for the beautiful and the picturesque run riot. I designed a costume for her which was strictly correct in that it was mediæval Italian. But it was composed of satin and rare silver embroidery and diaphanous draperies. As I was dressed I might more readily have been taken for the daughter and heiress of the reigning duke than for the child of the court fool.

Being dressed (and, truth to tell, feeling very well satisfied with my appearance), I went to the greenroom. Thither, shortly after, came Mr. Booth. When he saw me he fell back aghast. In great surprise I inquired the cause of his amazement. He told me I was far too richly dressed for the daughter of a man of his rank, and he explained to me that my dress should have been quiet and unobtrusive and of cheap material.

I was overwhelmed with shame,—in fact was on the verge of tears,—when the dear, gracious fellow took me by both hands and turned me

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round about, and, with an amused glint in his eye, said: "Well! By jingo, the result of our blunder is so fine I think we'll have to let it stand!"

And it "stood" during the run of the piece.

Some time after this engagement — I think it may have been a year or two after — I again played with Mr. Booth, this time at the Winter Garden, New York, and my roles embracing such characters as *Julie de Mauprat*, *Maritana*, the *Princess* in "Ruy Blas," and very possibly others.

This engagement does not seem to be marked in my memory by any striking events, but to have covered a placid period of duty done and salary drawn,— a usually satisfactory state of things, but possessing no hooks upon which to hang a narrative. I may, however, mention one incident that occurred while we were rehearsing "Richelieu." Up to that time it had been the custom for *Francois* to be dressed as a courtier. But as Bulwer does not introduce in his drama that element of courtier and soldier that history tells us existed in the

A CHANGED COSTUME

Cardinal's anteroom, but represents him as being attended by *Joseph* and *Francois* only, I always felt that the dramatist's intention was that *Francois* should be an acolyte and dedicated to the priesthood, and therefore his costume should be in accord with that idea.

One morning at rehearsal I mentioned this thought of mine to Mr. Booth. His usually languid manner quickened; he threw back his head; looked sharply at me for a moment; then went to the wing and sent the call-boy to Mrs. Bohanan, who had charge of the wardrobe. On her appearance Mr. Booth held a brief colloquy with her, and, when "Richelieu" was produced, *Francois* was dressed as an acolyte.

Another tiny little incident, but one showing the kindness of Booth's nature and his sometimes quaint sense of humour, occurred during the last act of "Richelieu," when the *Cardinal* is to all appearance dying, and *Julie*, in a paroxysm of grief, has flung herself upon his breast. Booth, patting my head with paternal tenderness, whispered to me: "There's a smudge of black on the end of your nose: be still while

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I take it off." And while *Julie*, convulsed with anguish, lay sobbing on the *Cardinal's* breast, he, with a corner of his Eminence's ermine, removed the offending smudge.

Some years afterward, Edwin Booth again made overtures to me to join his forces, and his offer was a very liberal one. It was to support him in his own repertory at the evening performances, I to have the *matinees* to play my own pieces. But at the time this offer was made, I was starring myself, and so declined it. As with many of the things which I have done or omitted to do, I have since regretted my decision.

I have no doubt, that, if I cared to do so, I could string together innumerable anecdotes about Edwin Booth. But he was so sensitive and he so shrank from general public notice, that it seems that to discuss him or his peculiarities would be to take a liberty with his memory.

It was not long after the close of that Winter Garden engagement, I think, that the awful

A NATIONAL HORROR

crime of John Wilkes Booth shocked the world and fell upon the country like a pall. We all remember how Edwin Booth, shrinking and cowering under the weight of that great sin and shame, for which he was in no way responsible, but the consequences of which he suffered deeply and bitterly, withdrew himself from the world and avowed his determination never to appear in public again, and how it was only after a long time, and after not only his friends and admirers but the whole country clamoured for him, that he reconsidered that determination and consented to appear again upon the stage.

There is one detail of that great horror about which I can speak with certainty, — the disposition which was eventually made of the body of John Wilkes Booth. Some months after the close of the terrible tragedy, when public excitement was somewhat allayed and public feeling had become calmer, the body of John Wilkes Booth was secretly exhumed, conveyed to Baltimore, and given to his mother, who — poor broken - hearted woman! — had never ceased to beg for it.

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This favour was granted to Mrs. Booth by the Government, not so much out of sympathy for her, but as an expression of respect for her son Edwin, and of the faith which the nation had in him.

It is not possible to think of Edwin Booth without chastened sorrow and sympathy. His childhood and early boyhood, spent largely in wandering about the country with his father,— a man of violent temper and bad habits, with a morose and gloomy disposition, and whose moods ran sometimes almost into madness, — could not have been very happy. The death of the girl-wife whom he adored, while he was yet little more than a boy, left Edwin Booth heart-broken. Then came crashing down upon his devoted head the awful crime of his brother, — a crime which held up to public execration all who were kin to the wretched, misguided man. The domestic clouds which shadowed Edwin Booth's later years, I feel that I, in common with the rest of the world, have no right to discuss.

We who loved him can comfort ourselves only

EDWIN BOOTH

with the thought that he had his compensation. Art, his mistress, always greeted him with smiles; the tragic muse, Melpomene, never turned away from him. She walked with him hand in hand through fields where lesser mortals could not follow, and with the wreath of willow that a sorrowful nation laid upon his grave there were also mingled the leaves of the laurel.

CHAPTER VI

GLIMPSSES OF ROYALTY — THE PRINCE OF WALES — CHINESE DIPLOMATS — THE BOSTON THEATRE — OLD-TIME THEATRICAL SALARIES

It has been my fortune on more than one occasion to come into pretty close social relations with royalty and other "high and mighty-nesses," and I am afraid I must be sadly deficient in reverence; for, so far as I can recollect, I do not seem to have found myself in the least abashed or overcome by these experiences.

My first sight of royalty was when royalty dashed into my presence. I think it was when I was playing at Niblo's Garden that I attended a ball given in honour of the Prince of Wales, and possibly I am the only feminine survivor of that function who would, without torture, confess that she did not dance with his Royal Highness.

But I did eat sandwiches and drink wine with him, or, to be correct, he did so eat and drink with me.

GLIMPSES OF ROYALTY

It happened this way. The friends whose guest I was had provided these refreshments in their box, and, being also friends of Colonel Sanderson, an American who conducted his Royal Highness's American tour, that gentleman brought the Prince to our box, more, I think, to get a "bite and sup" than for any other purpose.

Introductions followed in course, and as, on the entrance of the royal guest, I had been hastily installed as hostess, we hobnobbed a bit. On taking his departure the Prince very gracefully said that if I ever visited his "town" he would be pleased to take advantage of the opportunity thus afforded him to return my hospitality. And his Royal Highness kept his word.

When I ——

But all in good time. When I arrive in London, which will not be for a while yet, I will tell the whole story.

About this time I attended another great ball given by the city government to some "high and mighty-nesses" from China, and held, I think, at the Academy of Music.

Mr. Burlingame, whom I numbered among

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my friends, had been sent by the United States Government to China on some mission,— I think it was some sort of “open door” to permit “John” to come to this country whenever he felt so disposed. Parenthetically I might here remark that when one sees to what an extent “John” has availed himself of that privilege, one might be forgiven for wishing that Mr. Burlingame had stayed at home.

However, our envoy met with such distinguished success in the accomplishment of his mission, that he brought home with him, as proof of it, a choice selection of “Great Panjandrams, with little round buttons on top,” to be our guests, and the ball which is now whirling in my memory was given in their honour.

I did not dance with any of these fine specimens of porcelain, though perhaps the fact that I failed to enjoy the privilege was because these notables did not want to dance. They would never have dreamed of doing anything so undignified. Clad in robes of gorgeous satin, which were ablaze with gold and silver embroideries and sparkling with gems, they sat

THEATRICAL SALARIES

in stately magnificence on a dais at the head of the ballroom, and in impassive indolence watched us dance and enjoy ourselves. I was afterward told that, on being asked their opinion of this great function, they had expressed warm admiration for the affair, but they were somewhat surprised to observe that we had exerted ourselves to dance for their amusement, instead of having our slaves perform that arduous duty.

At the time of which I write, being a leading woman, I received a salary of twenty-five dollars a week, and a very good salary it was, with which I could then get more than I can now with five times that amount. So I was greatly pleased to receive from the Boston Theatre, which at that time was under the management of Orlando Tompkins (father of the present manager, Eugene Tompkins), "Ben" Thayer, and Henry C. Jarrett, an offer to play leading business at a salary of forty dollars a week.

In those days every theatre had its own stock company, and "stars" were the exception rather than the rule.

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The Boston Theatre offer was a very liberal one, only the most important and well-known people commanding fifty or sixty dollars a week. The highest salary ever received by Mrs. John Hoey, who for several seasons was the leading woman of Wallack's Theatre, New York, was sixty dollars a week. Madeline Henriques, who followed Mrs. Hoey in that position, got a "rise" to seventy-five dollars. I made a still higher jump, my salary reaching three figures, and I was the first leading woman in this country, and, I think, on the English-speaking stage, who had ever commanded a three-figure salary. And we may be quite sure that the Continental stage never attained the Anglo-Saxon standard of liberality.

I gladly accepted the Boston Theatre engagement which also marked my first "row" with my managers. I have had many since.

CHAPTER VII

MY FIRST "ROW" WITH A MANAGER—E. L. DAVENPORT AND
J. W. WALLACK — A REALISTIC *DESDEMONA*

THAT first "row" with my manager led to very good fortune and I can now revert to it with pleasure, though at the time it gave me great pain.

One clause of the offer made me by the Boston Theatre management was that I should not be called upon to support feminine stars, but it fell out that in the opening week of my engagement the management presented a woman star. She was a pretty woman and an excellent and popular actress; but she did not behave well to me. She is dead, however, and I therefore refrain from naming her.

She opened her engagement with Sheridan Knowles's play, "The Hunchback," she, of course, playing *Julia*, and the management asked me, as a favour, to waive the clause in my contract to which I have referred, and to play *Helen*. I consented.

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Late in the day of performance the star sent to me, in great distress of mind, to say that the trunk which contained her costumes for *Julia* could not be found: could I lend her some gowns? I at once placed my entire wardrobe at her disposal. It was not a very munificent offer at that. Its limitations were soon reached, and I settled with myself that I would wear whatever she did not select.

At the last moment the trunk was found, and I was left free to wear my own gowns, which were all quite new and fresh and very pretty. Quite early in the performance it became unmistakably apparent that both my gowns and myself were very well liked by my audience. As a consequence the star conceived a violent dislike for me and proceeded to take prompt measures to make me feel it.

“The Hunchback” was so well received that it would have run for quite a while, yet, despite the protests of the management and the wishes of the public, another play in the repertory of the star was put into immediate rehearsal, and in this play, in which, by the terms of my contract, there was no justification for demanding

TROUBLE WITH A STAR

my appearance, I was cast for an unimportant part, which part I promptly refused to play. The lady insisted that I should play it; I was equally firm in refusing to do so; and the result was a formal note from the management, stating that a continued refusal to play the part assigned me would compel them to ask for my resignation.

Perhaps it is only fair to say here, in extenuation of this action on the part of the management (if it be any) that afterward they individually told me that they had been forced into the position they had taken against me by the fixed determination of the star: she having threatened to bring her engagement with them to an abrupt and immediate close if I were not forced into submission.

Never having been addicted to submission, I chose resignation, the tender of which, being promptly offered, was as promptly accepted. The day of my departure arrived. I went to the treasurer's office to request payment of the salary I had earned. I was offered a portion of my due; and on my protesting, the treasurer told me that he was only obeying instructions.

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It now became necessary to look for a settlement of my claim from the management. I found the partners on the stage, talking to two men whom I did not know. As they declined in any way to reconsider the position they had taken, or to make any more equitable arrangement, I told them with more impetuosity than courtesy, that their action indicated that their pecuniary condition must indeed be desperate, since, in order to replenish their treasury, they found themselves forced to take possession of so small a sum as a portion of my salary. I therefore begged them to accept the whole amount, and, putting the envelope containing the money on the "prompt" table, I marched off, leaving the managers embarrassed and the visiting men astonished, and returned to my hôtel.

I had been there only a short time when I received two cards: "MR. E. L. DAVENPORT" and "MR. J. W. WALLACK." On going to the parlour to receive these distinguished men, neither of whom I had ever met, I found awaiting me the two gentlemen whom I had astonished so short a time before on the stage of the Boston Theatre.

DAVENPORT AND WALLACK

Their object in calling was to make me an offer to join them. They named a generous salary, one far in advance of that for which I had contracted at the Boston Theatre, but no details were discussed.

They only said, almost in so many words: "We are pleased with your work as an actress; we feel quite sure we will like you; we hope you will like us; we will do all in our power to advance your interests as an actress, and we will respect and protect you as a woman. Come to us."

I said, "I will." And I did. That day on which I joined Davenport and Wallack was the best day's work I ever did for myself. They more than redeemed all their promises.

To say that they were good to me is to say too little; to try to express the friendship and the affection that existed between us is not possible; and this friendship grew and strengthened with years until it was snapped asunder by their deaths.

There is no denying that they both treated me like a spoiled child. They fostered my wilfulness by yielding to it; they acceded to my wishes, often to my whims, in business and

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out. If one of them attempted to call me to account for some neglect of duty, which I have no doubt richly deserved rebuke, the other was sure to interfere and put a stop to the well-deserved scolding.

Scenes of this sort were by no means uncommon. Mr. Wallack would set out to take me to task for some flagrant offence. Mr. Davenport would step up and say: "There, there, Jim, don't fret the child. I'll talk to her." Or, Mr. Davenport would make a like attempt when Mr. Wallack, after listening for a moment in patient silence, would break out something like this: "Ned, can't you see that you are upsetting that child's nerves and breaking her spirits?"

So, between them, I was thoroughly spoiled.

The result of this treatment was that I loved them both dearly, and I worked hard not nearly so much that I might win praise from press and public, as to please them.

To hear Davenport, after a scene, say, "Good girl!" or to have Wallack pat me tenderly on the shoulder and say, "She 's head and shoulders over 'em all, now!" was to my mind my highest reward.

MRS. WALLACK

What a comfortable, jolly life was mine, with these kindly men!

My first week, playing opposite parts to them, was a very hard-working one. I opened with them at the Boston Theatre. Mrs. Wallack was with the company. She did not travel continuously with her husband, but joined him only at such times as her services were required to play some important part. Otherwise she stopped at their home in Long Branch. At this time her presence was required for *Emilia*, as it was intended to present "Othello," a very fortunate circumstance for me, as it afterward proved. She was a great actress, had a strong, noble face, a fine physique, and a stately carriage, and one of the loveliest voices I ever listened to.

In that first week the bill was changed nightly, and from night to night I studied six leading parts, necessitating my sitting up till three or four o'clock every morning, with my head tied up in wet towels and drinking strong tea.

Wallack and Davenport knew nothing of this until the week's work was over, and then—

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how they did scold me! But, I argued with myself, I had engaged with them to play their leading business. I ought to have been "up" in all these parts, and I was afraid, if I confessed that I was not, that I might lose the engagement. So, keeping my own counsel, and taking nobody into my confidence, I did the work. As a consequence, by Saturday night I was thoroughly exhausted, physically and mentally; and but for the kindness of Mrs. Wallack I would have gone to pieces.

The play was "Othello." Mrs. Wallack said, early in the evening, that I was ill, and in all our scenes together she was most thoughtful and helpful. When I forgot my lines she prompted me, and when, as often happened, I was too dazed and brain-weary to "take the word," she covered up my shortcomings with her own rare work. In short, she "pulled me through."

But I fell with the curtain. When that came down upon the last scene, *Desdemona* evinced no inclination to rise from the bed in which *Othello* had smothered her, and it began to look as if the Moor had really finished her.



CHAPTER VIII

MRS. DAVENPORT — EDWARD HOUSE — POETRY AT SHORT NOTICE — “ENOCH ARDEN” — “THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK”

I DO not remember the order of work done by the Wallack and Davenport combination, of which I was the third member, but I do recollect that we played a number of engagements in Boston. Mr. Davenport's house was in Roxbury, where his family, consisting of his wife and six daughters, lived. His sons had not yet appeared upon this mortal stage. Mrs. Davenport was a member of the stock company at the Boston Museum, whose performance was usually shorter than ours. Thus she was enabled to come to our theatre at the close of her evening's work, and would often be in time to witness our last act.

Davenport and Wallack frequently alternated the principal rôles, thus Wallack would play *Othello* and Davenport *Iago*, and *vice versa*. The same was the case with “Macbeth” and

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other pieces. On one occasion — “Othello” being the bill, with Davenport as the Moor — Mrs. Davenport, when the curtain fell, rushed upon the stage, flung herself into her husband’s arms, and overwhelmed him with caresses and praises. I, on rising from the bed on which a short time before I had been smothered, caught sight of my face in a near-by mirror. Between my nose and my chin I discovered that my face had taken on the complexion of *Othello*, but this discovery did not greatly surprise me. Nevertheless, as I passed the Davenport group I drew Mrs. Davenport’s attention to the circumstance and said: “Look what your husband did.” Davenport, in no whit embarrassed, replied: “Yes, I set my mark upon her.”

It was at the Boston Theatre that we produced a dramatic version of “The Lady of the Lake.” Scott’s text was carefully preserved, the only change made being the dividing of the poem into acts and scenes, but at the end of the piece a difficulty arose.

After the duel in which *James FitzJames* kills

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Roderick Dhu, it was felt that the curtain could not be brought down happily while the vanquished chieftain's dead body lay at our feet. Nor could it be removed without a motive, which at that point the poem did not offer. Just then Edward H. House (better known as "Ned" House) sent in his card. His presence offered a solution of our difficulty. He was admitted, and was welcomed with enthusiasm. Greetings over, we explained our dilemma, and suggested his writing a few lines in strict Scott metre, which should furnish a pretext for *Roderick's* followers to bear him off to honoured but unseen burial. House, taken completely by surprise, very naturally demurred, pleading utter lack of preparation, and unfavourable conditions for wooing the Muse.

But he was reminded that he had intruded on a Highland stronghold where might was right. In short, he was besought and bullied and urged, and finally was hustled into a little room on the stage, half dressing-room, half office, where, after having been provided with paper and pencil, the door was locked upon him. Warning was conveyed to him through a broken

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window that his release depended upon his production of the required lines. Persuasion, entreaty, pleading of important engagements, were alike in vain; and at last he complied with the rigorous demands of his captors.

I forget the entire stanza, but it ended with the following lines, spoken by the victorious *Fitz-James*:

“Now hard by Coilantogle Ford
The chieftain’s corse lies on the sward;
It is not meet so great a foe
Untended by his clan should go.
Summon his henchmen tried and true,
To bear away brave Roderick Dhu.”

Then the triumphant king, the vanquished chief, timely bard, and — I beg to add — *Ellen, the Lady of the Lake*, all adjourned to luncheon.

It was at the Boston Theatre also that we produced a dramatic version of Tennyson’s “*Enoch Arden*.” Here again the lines of the original poem were retained. Wallack played *Enoch*, Davenport *Philip Ray*, and I *Annie Lee*. Both were delightful in their respective rôles. Davenport, in the soft grey tints of the miller’s garb

WALLACK IN "ENOCH ARDEN"

and the large soft grey hat, which made such a fine background for his handsome face and his kindly blue eyes, was a picture.

It is not possible to imagine anything more pathetic than Wallack's picture of *Enoch Arden* upon the lonely island, or the desolate cadence of his voice as he said:

"The blaze upon the waters to the east;
The blaze upon the waters overhead;
The blaze upon the waters to the west;

.
The scarlet shafts of sunrise — but no sail."

Another scene was inexpressibly sad,— that in which *Enoch* returns to his native village, to find *Annie* — his wife — "his wife no more," but married to *Philip*, living with his children and *Philip's* child in peace and plenty.

The stage was divided down centre: one side representing *Philip's* home,— a cosy interior, ruddy with firelight and bright with happy faces, the daughter singing, and everything typical of comfort and happiness; the other showing the road, bleak, cold, and dark, and *Enoch* peering in at the window; then, flinging

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himself upon the ground, crying to God in heartbroken accents for strength —

“Not to tell her, never to let her know.”

It was here, too, that I first played *Hortense* in “The Man in the Iron Mask.” Mr. Wallack, who played *The Man*, was most explicit and emphatic in his instructions as to my work in *Hortense*, particularly concerning the fourth act, in which I was to get my first glimpse of the unfortunate prisoner. He told me to make my entrance from left, looking off left, as if continuing my farewell to some unseen person, and carefully to avoid seeing him — *The Man in the Iron Mask* — until I reached the centre of the stage and actually bumped against him. I was then to turn, see him, throw my hands up, and, with a wild shriek of terror, fly from him down to the extreme left corner.

At night I carefully obeyed these instructions. When I turned and saw before me a ghastly figure, clad from throat to feet in dull, rusty, close-fitting black; his hands, bloodless and fleshless, hanging supinely at his sides; his head, and neck and shoulders completely cov-

OBEYING INSTRUCTIONS

ered by an iron casque, I for the first, and I believe the only time in my life, gave way to terror.

I forgot that it was Mr. Wallack, forgot where I was, forgot everything. Uttering a shriek, I fled, I knew not where, anywhere to escape that dreadful Thing! I was stopped in my wild progress only by bringing up against the stage box, and then I was recalled to a realisation of the situation by the applause. Never, either before or since, have I received such recognition and its long continuance saved me. It gave me time to recover myself, to take up the scene, and to play it to an end. Again and again the curtain was taken up, that we might acknowledge the applause which was showered upon Mr. Wallack and myself; and after the curtain fell I was overwhelmed by praise from Wallack, Davenport,—everybody.

For me, I just held my tongue.

CHAPTER IX

FANNY DAVENPORT — THE OLD HOUSE IN BULFINCH PLACE,
BOSTON — AN ASSEMBLAGE OF NOTABLES

IT was while I was playing in Boston with Wallack and Davenport that Fanny Davenport made her appearance as a grown-up actress. We were playing at the Tremont Temple, that being the only place in the way of a theatre that we could secure at the time.

Fanny, in common with her younger sisters, had often played children's parts with her parents, but, at the time I speak of, the nearest approach that she could make to the stage was through her mother's dressing-room at the Boston Museum. We were playing Dion Boucicault's comedy, "How She Loves Him." The actress that played *Mrs. Vacil* was suddenly called away by illness in her family, and there was nobody to play the part; the local management objected to any change of bill, and we were in a quandary.

In this dilemma Fanny saw her opportunity

THE ACTORS' MECCA

and eagerly seized upon it. She besought her father to allow her to play *Mrs. Vacil*, and he promptly pooh-poohed the idea. Fanny came to me and entreated my influence. I said she should not play *Mrs. Vacil*, that I would play that part, and she should play *Atlanta Cruiser*. And she did.

It was with Davenport and Wallack that I first went to stop at 2 Bulfinch Place, Boston. This house was the actors' Mecca. Only the elect were admitted there, and it would have been a serious mistake to have referred to it as a boarding-house.

One was the "guest" of Amelia Fisher, the quaint little hostess, but at the end of each week a mysterious little memorandum found its way into one's morning paper, showing indebtedness to Amelia about equal to the charges of a first-class hotel.

But no amount of money would have been too much to pay for the privilege of meeting the company which from time to time came there.

First, there was that old Boston favourite, William Warren. He had lived at Bulfinch Place,

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as he had acted at the Boston Museum, fifty years. He was the only man ever permitted to carry a latch-key. It was a quaint old house in a quaint old no-thoroughfare street, with a great beam padlocked across one end, by means of which the dwellers in the street lived secure from the fear of intrusion of the vulgar dray or the iconoclastic express wagon upon their exclusive cobblestones.

It was a broad-fronted, shallow house, and, no doubt, when originally built, it stood in a pretty garden, but this had long since disappeared. At the time of which I speak it was crowded on all sides by more modern and more pretentious houses, while the garden had shrunk to a damp, narrow, flagged space in which were a few dejected, postponed-dying, lingering, hopeless prisoners in a melancholy wire stand.

The house seemed to have taken warning from Lot's wife, and refrained from looking back. Every window in the rear had been blinded by various ingenious contrivances. I remember one room in particular. It contained two windows, each of about thirty small panes of glass. The original panes had been removed, looking-

BULFINCH PLACE

glass being substituted, and when the occupant moved about this room in a dim light — the light was always dim in Bulfinch Place — it produced a curious effect. It was as though one were trying to escape from a company of one's own ghosts. The house was old-fashioned, and in many details lacked the appliances for warmth and comfort to be found in modern houses, but the cleanliness, cosiness, good cheer, and, above all, the people to be met, and the talk to be heard in two rooms in that house, made it a most desirable place.

One of these rooms was the long front room on the ground floor, with two windows which looked out on Bulfinch Place. It had a high-shouldered, narrow, Colonial chimney-piece at one end, and a "kit-kat" portrait of William Warren in a sky-blue cravat at the other. The intervening spaces on the walls at either side were filled with representations and autographed pictures of actors and actresses of the past and the (then) present. This room served the double purpose of sitting-room and dining-room. But the real point of delight, of rest, of cheer and mirth, was the kitchen. This was directly

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in the rear of the sitting-room, and in the day-time, with its one window looking out on the melancholy little paved courtyard, was not a cheerful room. But at night, with the curtain drawn close over the lower sash, the high, old chimney-piece set out with old Delft mugs and jugs, a clear fire in the brightly polished stove, the flour-barrel very much in evidence, dressed in a gaily flowered chintz gown, and with its cleanly swept hearth, it was an ideal room.

How well I remember how the bright dish-covers, hanging from the wall, reflected our faces upside down. And here, when, of a night, we wayfarers came in from our several "shops," and met there for supper, there was talk,—that sort of talk where every one who talked had something to say, a condition to which there are unfortunately many exceptions. There could be met Edwin Booth, Charles Fechter, Tom Placide, Barney Williams, William J. Florence, John McCullough, Annie Pixley, Carlotta Leclercq, James W. Wallack, E. L. Davenport, Kate Bateman, Matilda Heron, Jean Davenport, E. A. Sothern, William Stuart, William Winter, and many more.

CHAPTER X

THE NEW ENGLAND CIRCUIT — A PUT-UP JOB — MISAD-
VENTURES IN NEW BEDFORD

It was the custom of the Davenport-Wallack combination, at the close of a Boston engagement, to follow with a season through New England, and sometimes very droll things happened to one or other, or all of us, in our one-night stands.

I remember one occasion, when Mr. Wallack ought to have been supposed to be taking an after-dinner siesta in his luxurious drawing-room, the curtain went up discovering him lying doubled up on three wooden chairs, which he much more than filled, both in length and breadth, and looking very much as if he were laid out for torture.

My great sin in those days — and, I must confess, also in later days — was laughter, and

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this reprehensible tendency sometimes led me into very awkward predicaments.

We were playing in New Bedford — our first engagement in that town. During a scene between Mr. Wallack and myself something set me off laughing. Mr. Wallack caught the infection, and there we stood, and laughed, and laughed. Mr. Davenport came to the wings and frowned upon us with great severity. His virtuous disapproval of our levity seemed only to increase it, and we laughed the more. We got through somehow, and when the curtain fell Wallack unmistakably shirked his share of the scoring that awaited us. He sneaked to his dressing-room and locked himself in until the storm should blow over, leaving me to “catch it” alone. And I did catch it!

Among the many things which Davenport said was a reminder that “we had our reputation to make in New Bedford.” I was — as I was too prone to be — saucy and defiant. I told him that before the week had ended I would find an opportunity to punish him for his un-called-for severity, and that I would also make reprisal upon Wallack for his cowardice in de-

A PUT-UP JOB

serting me. And within that time fortune gave me an opportunity to make good my threat.

We were playing one night in Taunton. The bill was "The King of the Commons." Wallack and Davenport were having a strong dramatic scene together. I planted myself in the first entrance, and said or did some trifling thing which set them off laughing. This was the opportunity I had been waiting for. I followed up my advantage. I continued my absurdity, whatever it was, and induced them, against their efforts to control themselves, to laugh again. Five times they walked "up stage," recovered themselves, came down, took up the scene, and fell a-laughing again.

At last the audience, which at first had, good-naturedly, laughed with them without in the least knowing why, lost patience and hissed them soundly. This instantly steadied them. They both recovered their wonted dignity, and played the rest of the scene as only they could. The audience, by the generous applause it bestowed upon them, proved how hearty was its forgiveness. Afterward, at the close of the performance, they fell into my hands, and I took

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my revenge. I remember that I was at great pains to remind Mr. Davenport that we had our reputation to make in Taunton.

A curious incident occurred at the hotel in New Bedford where we were stopping. A nice, comfortable-looking old couple appeared one day at dinner. Later in the afternoon I observed the old lady seated at a window in the parlour, seeming to find abundant amusement in watching the passers-by. But, as the shadows lengthened and twilight set in, she fell to crying silently and bitterly, with great sobs, watching all the time from the window, eagerly scanning each person. Her tears were soon dried when her husband reappeared, distressed, anxious, and repentant. It seems that they had driven into town that morning from their farm, some ten miles away, and, having finished their selling and buying, had adjourned to the hotel for dinner, after which the old man went off to attend to some matter of business, leaving his wife to amuse herself at the window. His business finished, he had returned to the hotel, and, being very absent-minded, had gone di-

AN AMUSING INCIDENT

rectly to the stable, hitched up his team, and driven home. It was not until he had walked into his own kitchen and missed his wife from her accustomed place there that he remembered he had left her in the town.

It was also in New Bedford that we were the victims of a very awkward but a very amusing incident. The night was pitch dark; the moon had, apparently, broken an appointment with the town, and the lamplighter, relying upon her reputation for punctuality, of which she had at this crisis proven herself utterly unworthy, had retired, early. When, at the close of the performance, we left the theatre, stepping into the street was like stepping into solid ink. None of us knew even in what direction to turn to reach the hotel. We were all singularly deficient in the sense of locality, and there was not a creature on the street of whom we might inquire our way. So we plunged desperately into the darkness, and walked on and on, each of us in turn, as we grew tired, losing patience with the others for not knowing the way. Suddenly the crimination and recrimination that

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had been becoming pretty lively between Wallack and Davenport was abruptly interrupted, and we found ourselves quietly falling through space, evidently bent on visiting the other side of the globe. After a descent of what seemed several miles, but what we afterward learned was about six feet, we found ourselves reposing on a bed of soft, shifting sand.

What had happened was this: we had passed a building in course of construction. Over an excavation under the sidewalk some planks had been laid. One or more of these planks became misplaced, had turned — and there we were. When we had somewhat recovered from our astonishment, had righted ourselves, and found ourselves unhurt, the burning question that presented itself was: “How are we to get out?”

My two fellow-prisoners began the task of effecting our liberation with great vigour, making light of the matter, and promising that in a few moments we would all be once more on the street, making our way home. But this view of the situation did not continue, and it really began to look as if this subterranean shelter

AN ANNOYING TUMBLE

was to be our permanent home. Both Wallack and Davenport waxed eloquent in suggesting what the other ought to do. But effort after effort failed. They each in turn lost patience. From impatience they passed to annoyance, from annoyance to anger, from anger to sarcasm, from sarcasm to contempt for the nature that could condescend to trivialities under such circumstances,—all these varying moods of temper following in due course each failure at effecting our escape.

For me, the surprise of the tumble over, I settled down in the sand and took refuge in the perpetration of my old sin of laughter, taking care to keep all audible indulgence of that crime in the background, for there were moments when a good, round peal of laughter would have been a rather dangerous experiment. At last Davenport, the lithest of the two, succeeded in reaching the upper world. He promptly pulled Wallack and myself after him, and every feeling was merged into thankfulness. There was an interchange of congratulations at our escape.

Still we found ourselves “distressed and com-

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passless" in the dark, silent, solitary street, as far from any knowledge of the hotel as ever. As we were stumbling aimlessly along in the darkness we heard the sound of a horse's feet. We made for that sound. We came up with the sound, but not with the horse. No matter, we were content. We were at least going somewhere. After some little time the horse stopped. We soon came up with our equine guide and found ourselves in front of the hotel.

I believe we went in with the milk.

CHAPTER XI

WASHINGTON IN WAR-TIME — “CONTRABANDS” DEFINED
— UNCLE SAM’S SOLDIERS — PATRIOTIC SONGS — TOM
PLACIDE — WALLACK AND DAVENPORT — DISTINGUISHED
GUESTS

THE Davenport-Wallack combination often played engagements in Philadelphia and Baltimore, and in all the cities and towns as far South as Washington and as far East as Maine. But we never went West. The West was not then the near neighbour to us that it is now. The city which occupies a foremost place in my memories of that time is Washington.

I think our first visit there was made in the early days of the war, and the city was in a constant state of ferment and excitement. Martial music was everywhere to be heard; aides-de-camp and bearers of despatches were galloping hither and thither; and “contrabands” in their picturesque rags were encamped in little, squalid, but cheerful and laughing groups wherever they could find an eligible spot, their favourite resting-place being Pennsylvania Avenue.

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Just here I am reminded of a definition which a dusky maiden in Washington, one "to the manor born," gave me of that new-born term "contraband." During a wordy quarrel with a fellow-servant I heard her call her antagonist "nothin' but a ol' contraband any way!" I asked her why she did so, and what was a contraband, and she replied: "Why, Lor', missie, don' yo' know what a contraband is? It 's jis' one o' dem low-down wufless Southern niggers dat come up to Washin'ton and set down on de gov'ment, and 'pend on de gov'ment."

There were soldiers everywhere, all over the town; Pennsylvania Avenue was alive with them at all hours of the day and night, and Pennsylvania Avenue was not then the fine, well paved and lighted promenade that it is now. Some of these soldiers made a fine showing with their blue uniforms and glittering side-arms and bayonets. New regiments passed to the front with high hearts and springing steps, and with bright, fresh flags flying. Others, again, were seen returning, their uniforms tattered and travel-stained, and their flags ragged

WASHINGTON IN WAR-TIME

and faded. But all alike moved with stirring, martial music; if not with bands, at least with song.

Perhaps one of the finest sights and sounds was afforded by a Western regiment, full a thousand strong; it had "got the route," and was on its way to the front. Buttoned up close in their light-blue overcoats, guns reversed to keep them dry, their slouched hats drawn well down over their brows, the men marched down Pennsylvania Avenue in a driving rain, every one singing "John Brown's Body."

It was as inspiring as the scene one evening in mid-Atlantic, on board a North-German Lloyd steamer. We had been buffeted about for ten days, harassed by head winds and gales, and were just enjoying the first hours of respite. Moving along at a spanking rate, before a fair wind, with a full moon to light us, everybody came crawling up on deck, breathing his or her thankfulness for deliverance from danger or death, and every heart was full of hope. A little group of first-cabin passengers who were sitting aft began singing; soon they dropped into "Die Wacht am Rhein." Voice after voice

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took up the strain. The steerage folk, in twos and threes, sauntered toward the rail that divided them from their better-off fellow-passengers, and in their turn took up the song. In a few minutes a great chorus came from forward, the officers on deck joined in, and in a little while every man, woman, and child on board the great ship was singing the patriotic song.

But in the words of our ex-Confederate brothers, "On to Washington!"

At the time we had arranged to play in Washington our advance agent, Mr. Pennoyer, found the hotels so crowded that it was impossible to obtain proper accommodation for us at any one of them. He therefore secured for us quarters in a private house on Seventh Street, and there we were much more comfortable than we should have been in any hotel.

Among the members of our company was "Tom" Placide. In addition to our individual rooms, Wallack, Davenport, and I had in common a large, straggling, many-sided, many-windowed room which we all three used as

TOM PLACIDE

library, writing-room, reception, dining, breakfast, and supper room, and as all the windows looked on Pennsylvania Avenue it served also as an observation-room.

Here we were always glad if Mr. Placide would join us, but he could seldom be persuaded to do so. The poor man was a great sufferer, and too proud and reticent to complain. Naturally this self-repression reacted upon himself, and his silent, dark moods were set down to bad temper. Doubtless our light-hearted moods and our habit of seeing the humorous side of life found little sympathy with him, and jarred upon his nerves. I think he liked me, for he showed his good will in many kindly ways, but I fear that my ever-ready laughter often annoyed him. He would sometimes look at me with a dark frown and growl out, "Ah, laugh away! You 'll get the laugh taken out of you some day."

But that day was not then, and many a merry laugh and many a pleasant hour I had in that old room, in which it was many times my privilege to listen to men whose names are bright in the pages of our nation's history.

ROSE EYTINGE

Both Wallack and Davenport, each in his own way, were men of mark, and more than usually intelligent and interesting. Wallack was the quieter and more thoughtful of the two; somewhat of a dreamer and given to sentiment and poetic fancies. Davenport was a totally different type of man; he was gay and light-hearted as a boy, very witty and quick at repartee, and he had a memory which was stocked with amusing anecdotes.

To those men who were making our history at that time in Washington, whose lives were so full of the hurry, the worry, and the fury of the fight, the talk of these two bright men offered such a sense of respite and refreshment that often, when the performance was over, we were joined at supper in our many-purposed room by some of these more-or-less "grave and reverend signiors." And in the wake of these lawmakers and statesmen came their chroniclers, among them some of the foremost newspaper men of that day, such as Thurlow Weed, Joseph Medill, "Brick" Pomeroy, Henry J. Raymond, Manton Marble, William Hurlburt, William Stuart, "Gath" Townsend, Don Piatt,

DISTINGUISHED GUESTS

and Hugh Hastings. At these gatherings I was only "a looker-on in Vienna."

The same kind fate which sent us into private quarters instead of to the cold conventionalities of hotel life guided us in our business. We had come to Washington expecting to play one week at the National Theatre; but some confusion of dates or other business complication upset this arrangement, and to the great chagrin and annoyance of both Wallack and Davenport we were obliged to put up with a wretched, insignificant, little whitewashed house on the wrong side of Pennsylvania Avenue, which was called the Washington Theatre. But the poor little house proved to be a mascot for us. We played there, not one but many weeks, and to very fine business. In short, we became the rage. Our audiences were largely made up of the best people in Washington. It was no unusual thing to see in our audience a heavy sprinkling of men and women in full dress, with here and there some foreign ambassador in full regalia, and of "the boys in blue" we always had a good contingent.

CHAPTER XII

ABRAHAM LINCOLN — WILLIAM HENRY SEWARD — PLACIDE'S HUMOUR — "STILL WATERS RUN DEEP" — ASSASSINATION OF THE PRESIDENT — A NIGHT OF TERROR

It was a very pleasant occasion on which for the first time I met Abraham Lincoln: It is not to be supposed, that, in such times as those of which I write, the President, borne down as he was by public cares, had either time or inclination for amusement; but he dearly loved the theatre and was present at several of our performances. It was after one of these visits that he notified Wallack and Davenport that he would be pleased to see them.

The day following the receipt of this invitation they went to the White House, and, like the good fellows they were, asked me to accompany them. When, in my turn, I was presented to the President, he took my hand, and, holding it while he looked down upon me from his great height, said: "So this is the little lady that all us folks in Washington like so

WILLIAM HENRY SEWARD

much?" Then, with a portentous shake of his head, but with a twinkle in his eye, he continued, "Don't you ever come 'round here, asking me to do some of those impossible things you women always ask for, for I would have to do it, and then I'd get into trouble."

I met Mr. Seward under different circumstances,— at a social function. I enjoyed the privilege of personal introduction to him, and I felt greatly distinguished. When Mr. Seward, with his stately, old-school manner, bowed low over my hand and expressed himself as being gratified at having this opportunity of greeting me, it seemed as if he were conferring upon me a patent of nobility.

It is impossible to think of two more contrasting personalities than those of Lincoln and Seward: the one so simple, warm-hearted, and free-spoken; the other so stately, cold, and dignified. When Mr. Seward spoke a few complimentary commonplaces to any one, the person addressed felt as if he or she were participating in history.

But to return to the theatre. One night we

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were playing Dion Boucicault's "London Assurance," Wallack acting *Dazzle*, Davenport *Sir Harcourt Courtley*, and I *Lady Gay Spanker*. In the scene between *Sir Harcourt* and *Lady Gay*, when she asks him if her agitation renders her unfit to re-enter the ballroom, Davenport, instead of replying according to the text, said: "Your beauty is only heightened by a Rose-Eytinge"—pronouncing it "Rosytinge." The house took the pun instantly, and I made my exit amid a storm of applause and laughter.

Again, one night, during a performance of Bulwer's comedy "Money," with Wallack as *Alfred Evelyn*, Davenport as *Smooth*, Placide as *Graves*, and I as *Clara Douglas*, in the scene where the will, which carries disappointment and chagrin to so many hearts, is read, we were seated in a semicircle across the stage, and I found myself directly opposite Placide. Through the whole scene he made at intervals a sort of procession of the most excruciatingly funny, lugubrious faces. My attention became riveted on Placide. I found him irresistibly funny, and the audience seemed to be entirely

PLACIDE'S HUMOUR

of my mind, for the scene went with hearty and continuous laughter. But several times I noticed, and I was greatly puzzled by it, that when my glance wandered for a moment from Placide and rested upon one or other of the persons engaged in the scene, I was met with frowns and sly negative nods, and divers other evidences of disapproval. When the curtain fell I was promptly enlightened as to the cause of their conduct.

It seems that my enjoyment of Placide's grimaces had been so great that it took the highest form of compliment, and that during the whole scene I had been busy following, and unconsciously imitating, every one of them. I had thus been unwittingly sharing the scene with Placide and furnishing the cause for the laughter of the house.

A favourite bill with us was Tom Taylor's comedy, "Still Waters Run Deep," Wallack giving a delightful performance of *John Mildmay*, and Davenport playing *Hawksley* with equal brilliancy. When the piece was first played by us I was cast for *Mrs. Mildmay*, because she

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was young and amiable, but as soon as I learned how much better an acting part was *Mrs. Sternhold*, I insisted upon playing that character instead. It was useless for Wallack and Davenport to point out to me, as they did repeatedly and strenuously, that she was, to say the least, middle-aged, and that in order to play the part I would be obliged to make up middle-aged, thus destroying my appearance of youthfulness, and artistically doing myself a present and future injury. Play her I would, and play her I did.

One day Mr. Wallack felt called upon to take me seriously to task for something I had said which would have been much better left unsaid. I felt the full force of his rebuke, because I knew that my position was indefensible. So I put on a bold front and made a sweeping denial. We were seated opposite each other at the breakfast-table, and when I found myself accused I planted my elbows on the table, and, putting my face between my hands, I looked him squarely in the eyes and said, deliberately and incisively, "I have no recollection of having ever said anything of the kind." Wallack

AN UNEXPECTED HIT

looked at me and made no reply. He was silenced,—I dare not say by what.

That night the bill was "Still Waters Run Deep." In the second act Wallack and myself, in our respective parts, were seated opposite each other in precisely the same positions as those which we occupied that morning, and Wallack, in his character of *Mildmay*, repeated to me the slighting remarks which he was supposed to have overheard me make to his wife with reference to himself.

In the text I merely offered a general denial; but this night I assumed the same expression and used the identical words I had used in real life in the morning, exclaiming, "I have no recollection of having ever said anything of the sort"! Either my effrontery, or Wallack's realistic amazement, caught the audience. The point made a hit, and ever afterward the speech, with the accompanying "business" of Wallack and myself, became an integral portion of that scene.

ROSE EYTINGE

I now approach one of the most awful and awe-inspiring periods of my life,—the night on which President Lincoln was assassinated.

At the time I was taking a brief vacation, and was visiting the family of an army officer who was in charge of a military hospital a few miles out of town. On that dread occasion my hostess and I had been in town for the day and evening and it had been arranged that an orderly, with the carriage, should call for us next morning and drive us out home.

Suddenly some of the men of the household where we were visiting dashed into the house, bringing intelligence of the crime.

The first reports were that the President and every member of the Cabinet were murdered. The community was wild with horror. Everybody, as if moved by one impulse, rushed into the streets, the church bells were tolled, and all social and conventional barriers were levelled in the general horror. Utter strangers talked together in hurried accents, exchanging the various rumours with which the air was filled.

LINCOLN'S ASSASSINATION

One report had it that Washington was in the hands of the rebels. Strangers accosted each other and asked for the last news; and when one or the other confirmed the dreadful truth of the President's murder they cried like children.

Soon it became bruited about that the crime had been committed by an actor, and woe to the actor who had been found on the streets that night! My friends and I, in common with everybody else, rushed into the street, but we were soon filled with fear lest I should be recognised.

Toward midnight, to our added alarm and horror, an army ambulance lumbered up the street and stopped at the door of the house where we were. It developed that, as had been arranged, the carriage had been sent for us, but it had been so often stopped and searched, and the orderly who was driving had been put through so many and such rigid examinations, that he had decided to turn back and get the ambulance instead, hoping that the sight of this familiar and authorised vehicle would attract less attention.

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By this time the city was declared under martial law, every point of egress was closely guarded, and the members of the theatrical guild were looked upon with universal disfavour. The air seemed rife with murder and the suspicion of murder.

It was a time to burn itself into one's memory. I pray that I may never be called upon to go through its like again.

CHAPTER XIII

NEW YORK — WALLACK'S THEATRE — *NANCY SYKES* —
LEADING WOMAN WITH LESTER WALLACK — PERFECT
THEATRICAL MANAGEMENT — MARY GANNON — CHARLES
DICKENS — LOVE FOR THE STAGE

THE next step in my progress as an actress was coming to New York with Davenport and Wallack, who had made an engagement with Lester Wallack to play a spring and summer season at Wallack's — afterward the Star — Theatre. Here we played all our regular repertory and renewed all our old successes.

It was during this season that I made my step into melodrama. It had been the rule, whenever we played "Oliver Twist," to send for Mrs. Wallack to join us for the part of *Nancy Sykes*, and when it was settled that that piece should be given, this was the programme settled upon by the powers.

But I seriously disarranged matters by announcing my intention to play *Nancy*. When I voiced my wish, both Wallack and Davenport

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were convulsed with laughter. The more I urged, the more they laughed; and the more they laughed, the more my wish crystallised into determination.

When my position in the matter forced them to view the question seriously, they each in turn, and each in his own way, placed before me the absurdity of my attempting to play such a part, and they pointed out to me how, in every particular — physically, mentally, and temperamentally — I was wholly unequipped for it. The more they argued, the more positive I became. At last an appeal was made to Lester Wallack. He simply pooh-poohed my wish and also laughed me out of court. But “a wilful woman”——

They gave way, Lester Wallack suggesting, by way of compromise, that some light one-act piece should be put on to end the performance, in which I could look myself, in order that the audience should not take away with them the ghastly picture of *Nancy* in her death throes.

When we were rehearsing, both Wallack and Davenport never wearied of impressing upon me the necessity for me to make a fierce, realistic

A REALISTIC PERFORMANCE

struggle to break away from *Bill Sykes's* restraining arms, when I should try to attack *Fagin*. I felt very desirous to play the part well, and thus redeem my promise, and by so doing justify the faith which my managers had been induced, at last, to place in me when they yielded their judgment at my urging.

The night of the performance I was wrought up to the highest pitch of nervous excitement; for then I realised for the first time the importance of the task I had laid out for myself.

The scene of the fight, which ended the second act, began, and I had seized the stick with which *Fagin* had been about to beat *Oliver*. Davenport, flinging his arms around me in a close grasp, kept whispering in my ear: "Try to break away from me! Try! Try!" I tried, and, lo! I succeeded. With a vigorous wrench I broke from his arms, flew across the stage, and with the stick struck poor Mr. Wallack a sounding thwack on the side of his head; he went down like a shot, and then he rolled and rolled — almost into the footlights.

Down came the curtain, leaving *Nancy* mistress of the situation, and *Fagin*, quite outside

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of it, obliged to pick himself up and walk off at first entrance. Thereafter, whatever may have been the opinion of the managers as to my performance of the part, they never again expressed any doubt of my ability to carry that struggle. The piece ran many weeks and was the success of the season.

This summer season of the Wallack-Davenport combination at Wallack's Theatre bore excellent fruit for me. It resulted in my receiving from Lester Wallack the offer of the position of leading woman at his theatre for the following regular season. I need scarcely say how gratified I was upon receiving such an offer, and how eagerly I accepted it, though if the Wallack-Davenport combination had not been upon the eve of dissolution I do not think that even so brilliant an opportunity of advancement would have tempted me to leave my two dear friends. But the state of J. W. Wallack's health forced him into retirement, and in little more than a year afterward he died.

What a school of acting was Wallack's Theatre!

PERFECT MANAGEMENT

With the business portion — the front of the house — under the able control of Theodore Moss, and the stage-management in the hands of Lester Wallack, courtesy and kindness ruled on both sides of the curtain. Everybody employed in the theatre, whether a principal or a call-boy, was treated with consideration.

Every Saturday, at noon, the company would assemble in the greenroom, and thither would come Theodore Moss, with a pleasant greeting on his lips and a tin box under his arm. Then the salaries were paid, and, if a member of the company were ill, his salary was sent to him every week, together with pleasant words of hope and good wishes.

The rehearsals were conducted in the same spirit. True, Lester would occasionally “let out” if some one or other were unusually stupid, but the outburst was pretty sure to be followed by some little gracious act or word that effectually removed the sting.

But there was one unfailing refuge from a reproof at the hands of “the governor,” and that was to tell him a funny story. He had an exquisite wit and a keen sense of humour. Once

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catch his eye, or his ear, for either one or the other, and, no matter how great your fault or how late you might be for rehearsal, you were safe.

I was fortunate enough, while at Wallack's Theatre, to have an opportunity to play a great variety of parts, embracing at times three lines of business. This opportunity came to me through two important vacancies which occurred in the company.

Dear little Mary Gannon, one of the sweetest little women that ever graced the world, and one of the best actresses that ever graced the stage, died, and at Mr. Wallack's request I played several of her parts, notably *Rosa Leigh* in "Rosedale." When Fanny Morant, who played the ultra-fashionable dames, and the high and mighty ones generally, left the company in mid-season, I played several of her parts.

While I was associated with Wallack's Theatre, my desire to hear Charles Dickens read was so great that when, in the spring, I was making

CHARLES DICKENS

my engagements with Lester Wallack for the following season, I begged him to insert a clause in the contract by which I would be left out of the bills for one of Dickens's series, which were made up of four evenings.

When the distinguished novelist arrived, Wallack, true to his word, and with the graciousness which always marked his conduct, gave me the opportunity to attend his first course, which was given at Steinway Hall. The night of the first reading I was in a fever of delighted anticipation. I was going, not so much to see and hear the great author, Charles Dickens, but to meet old friends, the men and women whom I knew and loved. They might, indeed, be the creations of the wondrous imagination of their author, but to me they were real, true, breathing men and women.

Dickens came upon the platform, and my first feelings were those of disappointment. Dickens was a dandy — decidedly a dandy — and a rather mean-looking dandy at that. Certainly he stood upon as mean-looking a pair of legs as I ever saw. He was dressed in a pair of light-coloured trousers; a rather flashy waist-

ROSE EYTINGE

coat, across which stretched a very self-assertive watch-chain, balanced in the middle with a fat locket; and a brown surtout with collar and cuffs of velvet and very much drawn in at the waist.

But my deepest disappointment came when he began to read. His pathos — to my mind, — was so thin, so flippant, and strained, that my impulse was to say to him: “Do not read that chapter; you do not know your characters; you cannot do justice to their author.” Of course my position was untenable and absurdly impertinent, and my rebuke was swift and scathing. His comedy was as delightful as his pathos was unsatisfying, and he suited his manner so accurately to his characters that, as he read, the little overdressed man with the shadowy legs and pink face disappeared, the cold white platform faded away, and I was at the Holly-tree Inn, or wherever the magic of his voice pleased to take me. It was my good fortune a year or two afterward to meet Charles Dickens in his own country, and I bear in my memory the most agreeable recollections of him; but I must confess that I found a much more

VISIT TO THE ORIENT

solid enjoyment in making acquaintance with and learning to know Dickens's men and women through the medium of his written language, than I did in hearing his spoken words.

I left Wallack's Theatre to go abroad. Family reasons called me to the Orient, and in "that land of sand and ruin and song" I passed several years.

I did not take leave of the stage on my departure from it at that time. I never have done so, nor will I ever willingly do so. I have always given the stage my loyalty and my love, and I will give up my interest in the theatre and my loving work in the drama only when I am called to another life.

CHAPTER XIV

MY FIRST SEA VOYAGE — CAPTAIN JUDKINS AND THE
“SCOTIA” — SEA-SICKNESS — GOODWOOD RACES — THE
PRINCE OF WALES AGAIN — IN THE QUEEN’S BOX AT
THE OPERA — SMUGGLING — ROCHESTER, N. Y. — A
LEADING WOMAN IN A SAD PREDICAMENT

It was in the summer following the close of my first season as leading woman at Wallack’s Theatre that I first went abroad, and then I took the voyage across the Atlantic by way of a prescription.

I was pretty well worn out in both mind and body. So far as I can remember, there had not been any long runs during the season, and I had seldom, if ever, been out of the bill; so, what with study, rehearsals, costumers, and dressmakers, I had had very little rest. But, as so often happens with persons whose work is congenial, I was not conscious of fatigue until the necessity for the work ended. Then I went to pieces.

An ocean trip was strongly recommended to give me complete rest. It must, of necessity,

AN OCEAN TRIP

be a hurried one, for there was an interval of only a few weeks between the closing of one season and the opening of the next.

Captain Judkins, the oldest captain and by courtesy the "commodore" of the Cunard fleet of steamers, suggested that I make a round trip on his famous old paddle-wheel ship, the "Scotia." She would remain a week in port, and this would give me an opportunity to run up to London for a few days, and perhaps to Paris.

Augustin Daly, who was then my fast friend, attended to all details, and in just twelve hours from the time I had settled to go I was on board. Long before we passed the Narrows I was the seasickest, sorriest, homesickest little woman that ever "went down to the sea" in a ship.

And the seasickest I continued to be until the "Scotia" entered the Mersey; though there were brief intervals of comparative relief, and in those intervals I managed to obtain glimpses of pleasant faces. Notably among those living in my memory is Sir Edward Cunard, at that time the principal owner of the Cunard Line.

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I am afraid, however, that Sir Edward "practised" upon me; he was so kindly solicitous to relieve me that at various times he tried upon me every obtainable known and unknown remedy for seasickness, and I think he managed to get them all. I was far too limp and languid to refuse, so I meekly took everything he brought me. And at times the result was simply awful, —no wonder I remember him.

I received but scant sympathy from Captain Judkins. He would come and look in at the window of his cabin, which he had kindly placed at my disposal, and shake his head disapprovingly at me; or he would suggest a little luncheon when the mere mention of food was worse than death to me. But at last the dreadful voyage ended, and as soon as possible after the ship docked at Liverpool I set out for London, and, being there, I made my way, of course, to the Langham Hotel, which was then the haven of all good Americans who went to London. There I received the warmest kind of welcome from Colonel Sanderson.

To my great good fortune, the day following my arrival there were the Goodwood races, to

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which Colonel Sanderson invited me. There I had the additional good fortune again to meet the Prince of Wales. When Colonel Sanderson went to pay his respects to the Prince, he told him of my being present, and his Royal Highness called upon me. Once again we ate and drank together from the luncheon which Colonel Sanderson had brought. The Prince expressed his polite regrets that he was leaving town the next day, but, looking at the Colonel, laughingly said that he left me in good hands, and that he hoped for the pleasure of seeing me on his return. In the meantime, if there was anything he could do, I had but to command him.

Colonel Sanderson explained to the Prince how brief my stay was to be, whereupon he repeated his regrets. He asked if I would like to attend the opera, and on my replying that I would, he said he would attend to the matter. And thus the royal visit ended.

But, oh, dear! what a lioness I was! The drag on top of which this reception took place was mobbed by a gaping, wondering crowd that, greatly to my relief, trailed off at the heels of

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the Prince. But I was called upon to pass through a worse ordeal than the gaze of the mob, which had been kept at a respectful distance by the "bobbies."

Every glass on the racecourse was levelled at me, and a sort of promenade of swells filed past our drag in order to examine at close range this person whom nobody knew, and to whom the Prince of Wales had shown such unusual attention. For me, I was not nearly so much impressed by the event as I suppose I ought to have been. I have never felt any great respect for rank as mere rank, and 'a prince, after all, is but a man who has more opportunities for doing good work in the world than most men.

I ought to say here that the Prince of Wales sent me a box for the opera at Covent Garden Theatre,—the Queen's, no less!—and the only special impression that I remember it to have made upon me was that it was rather stuffy.

My week ashore was a long time passing, though every hour of every day was filled, and every evening too. But I was homesick,—deadly, dreadfully homesick; and the thought of

SMUGGLING

that vast, cold, cruel Atlantic rolling between me and my home and everything and everybody I loved haunted me day and night.

At last Friday arrived, and I journeyed down to Liverpool, with my purse empty, but with my trunks filled with beautiful silks and satins and laces and furbelows which I dishonestly intended to smuggle.

The trip home—though bad enough—was not quite so bad as the voyage out; but the ship's nose was pointed westward, and the consciousness that every roll and plunge which she made brought me nearer to Manhattan Island gave me courage. Early in the voyage I had confided to Captain Judkins my nefarious intentions toward Uncle Sam, and he, after heaping reproaches upon me for my want of patriotism, had threatened to expose me to the customs officers as soon as they came aboard.

He would make this threat with so serious a face that I could not decide whether he meant it or not. When the officers came on board, and the business of "declaring" had begun, I became thoroughly frightened, and fled to the captain for protection. He was more in-

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exorable than ever, and he left me coiled up in a corner of the sofa in his cabin, frightened, and uncertain whether to "declare" everything or to wait and trust to luck.

My terror reached its climax when the captain's "boy" appeared with "the captain's compliments, and would I please send him my keys?" Still nothing happened. After what seemed to me an interminable time, in walked the old sea-dog, bringing with him the much-dreaded custom-house officer. The latter was courtesy itself, and he told me that as Captain Judkins had explained to him that I had important business which demanded my immediate attention he would see to it that I should not be detained; that I could leave the moment the ship got in, and my trunks should be forwarded to my address immediately they were brought on deck.

It was about this time, usually between seasons, that I made my first essays as a star. I received an offer to go to Rochester for a week, and I accepted. The morning after my arrival in that city I went to the theatre. It was

AT THE ROCHESTER THEATRE

empty, dirty, and cold, and presented an appearance of utter desolation. I waited about for some time, being exhorted thereto by a forlorn old man whom I found crouched in a sort of cage at the stage door, which looked, if possible, more forlorn than he did. He besought me to "wait a while, the b'ys and gyurls will be around here in a shake."

After a brief time my old friend's words were verified. A few men and women came straggling aimlessly in, and certainly a more discontented, frowsy, unkempt set of mortals I hope never to see. Still we waited, for neither the manager, stage-manager, nor leading man had put in an appearance. The day was dreary, I was weary, and still they came not. So I returned to my hotel in a very unsettled frame of mind.

After an hour or two the manager called, and apologies, regrets, and profuse assurances that everything would be all right at night were offered, with the further assurance that he—the manager—was then going to the theatre personally to conduct the rehearsal, which I need not be troubled to attend. In the even-

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ing, feeling no great confidence in those managerial promises, I went to the theatre early. The stage door was reached through a narrow passage leading from the street. In this passage-way, which was quite dark, I fell over something rather bulky and soft which obstructed the way. I summoned to my assistance, from his post in the cage, my forlorn old friend of the morning, and really he seemed to be the only person connected with the establishment who ever was at his post. From him I learned that the impediment which had barred my way to the temple of art was the leading man.

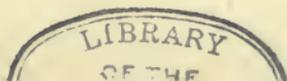
Feeling thoroughly discouraged by this discovery I returned to my hotel, packed my belongings, and left town by the first train, trusting to some later occasion for a more favourable opportunity to make my first bow to a Rochester audience.

CHAPTER XV

TORONTO — “THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN” — A MINISTER-
ING ANGEL — *JEANIE DEANS* — A CONVERTED PRES-
BYTERIAN — “SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER” — GEORGE
HOLLAND AS *TONY LUMPKIN*

My next essay at starring was not much more pleasant or profitable than was my Rochester experience, but as it led to my forming a friendship with a singularly interesting and delightful woman I always think of it with gratitude. At the time of which I write there was a small theatre in Broadway, New York, on the site of that quaint, rugged, grey-stone building known as “Ye Olde London Streete.” It was then under the management of two capable old actors, Mark Smith and Lewis Baker, the fathers of the two actors of the same names, respectively, of to-day. These gentlemen had arranged for a production of Scott’s “The Heart of Midlothian,” and they engaged me to play *Jeanie Deans*.

Just previous to the opening I had an offer to



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go to Toronto to star for a week. I went, taking with me Scott's novel and my part of *Jeanie*.

I found the theatre at Toronto in comparatively as complete a state of demoralisation as the Rochester concern, and, I suspect, from the same cause.

But the members of the company were good enough to be present for rehearsals, and all the discomforts of the theatre were more than compensated for by the cosy comfort I found at the Queen's Hotel, a hostelry then conducted by Captain Dick, an old retired lake captain.

The weather was bitterly cold, and the theatre was like an ice-house. After all these years, as my memory carries me back to the horror of that dimly-lighted, freezingly cold, long, narrow den which was miscalled a dressing-room, to which I was shown, the old, cold misery of that moment returns upon me. In addition to my other discomforts I was attacked by a violent siege of neuralgia.

I got through a performance, of what I do not remember, and by the time I returned to my hotel I was almost mad with pain. Thinking

A MINISTERING ANGEL

to distract my thoughts, I drew a table beside my bed, took from the chimney-piece a pair of old-fashioned candlesticks, lighted the candles which they contained, and, armed with my story and the part, I set in to study *Jeanie*.

The last thing I remember was feeling benumbed with the cold, and suffering intense pain in my head.

The next sensations of which I was conscious were of subdued light, release from pain, and a general and delightful sense of warmth and comfort; then of hearing a low, soft voice saying, "Sit up now, dear, and take your tea."

I opened my eyes, and there, bending over me, was a woman, not old, not very young, with a lovely, lovable face, lighted by a pair of blue eyes, and with a mouth large, mobile, expressive at once of a tender, generous nature, and yet made more interesting by lines of delicate humour; the whole surmounted by a crown of snow-white hair. My first confused thought was that I had been "translated," and if this was the "other world" I found my sensations and surroundings such an improvement on

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the state I last remembered that I was more than satisfied with the change.

“Ah!” said my pleasant-looking visitor, “you are awake; now we will have some tea.” And there was placed before me upon the table beside my bed a daintily served breakfast.

This somewhat disturbed the trend of my thoughts, for my ideas of “that bourne” had never included “‘atin’ and dhrinkin’.”

But the breakfast was too entirely satisfactory, and my enjoyment of it too thorough. All thoughts of the spirit land fled; I knew that I was upon the earth, and I also felt assured that I was very pleasantly placed at that particular moment.

It seemed that when the maid had knocked at my door some hours previously she received no response, and upon the door being opened I was found in a faint. I had a trick of indulging myself in that way in those days. Miss Dick, the lady upon whom I had opened my eyes, and a member of Captain Dick’s family, was summoned, and all the comfort and cosiness of my surroundings I owed to her kind ministrations.

JEANIE DEANS

As we talked I discovered by the soft burr of her tongue and the musical intonations of her voice that she was Scotch, and the volume of Scott which she had found upon my table had been the passport to her heart. When I explained to her the cause of its presence there, and told her of my engagement to play *Jeanie Deans* on my return to New York, she offered to teach me the accent.

This she did, and in addition gave me a real "maud" of the Stewart tartan, of which house the Argylls were followers.

When I afterward played *Jeanie*, and when my costume and my accent were alike praised, I felt that I was, in a way, defrauding press and public of their plaudits, all of which belonged to Miss Dick,—good, pious, Presbyterian Miss Dick, who had never in her life seen the inside of a playhouse. But despite her strict Presbyterianism I led her, or rather she wandered, from the fold into the theatre.

Accompanied by a niece, she came to visit me. Knowing her strict religious principles and prejudices I made no suggestion to them to visit any theatre, but was at great pains to pro-

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vide them with entertainments more adapted to their habits of life. I sent them to concerts, lectures, missionary meetings, and such innocuous gatherings.

One evening, as we were gathered around the tea-table prior to my departure for my "shop," I was a good deal puzzled to observe the aunt and niece exchanging mysterious glances and secret nudges, and soon these were abandoned for equally puzzling speech,—“You tell her”; “No, you ask her,” etc. At last their wish found clear expression. They wanted to go to the theatre, to see Lester Wallack and myself act.

Only too pleased to comply with their request, I mentioned the incident that evening to Mr. Wallack, with all its attendant details. With that genial courtesy which was one of his many graceful qualities, he at once responded by placing his own box at my friends' disposal, and the following evening they occupied it. Perhaps, however, I ought to qualify the latter statement, for the reason that during the performance the greater portions of them were hanging over the railing of the box, and so

WALLACK'S BRILLIANT WORK

great was their delighted absorption of the scene, and their utter and complete forgetfulness of the audience, that several times I feared they would precipitate themselves upon the stage.

I think Lester Wallack enjoyed their enthusiasm quite as much as they enjoyed his work. The piece was "She Stoops to Conquer." Wallack was in great form and impersonated *Young Marlowe* brilliantly. He played to them the whole evening in the most flagrant manner, and their admiration for him was something beautiful to see. But their love, full and unbounded, was given to old George Holland, who, of course, played *Tony Lumpkin*.

Indeed it was a pleasant sight, one not easily to be forgotten, to see that silver-haired, elderly lady, dressed simply and severely in black, and her bonnie girl companion, so completely carried out of the commonplace of everyday life by that mimic picture. The culmination of their adventure occurred as we were leaving the theatre. Mr. Holland, at the close of the performances, used to sit in a little nook at

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the stage door and wait for his son "Ned," who came every night to take his father home. When, as we were leaving the theatre, I stopped for a moment's chat and good-night with him, Miss Dick asked me who it was I spoke to. When I told her it was *Tony Lumpkin*, she impulsively turned back, put her arms around dear old Holland's neck and kissed him, saying, "God bless you, Tony!"

The visit to the theatre that night marked an epoch in my friend's life. She was a woman possessing a rare intelligence, great breadth of mind, and independence of character. She frankly acknowledged that she now felt convinced that by her lifelong absence from the theatre she had made a great mistake, and had deprived herself of much pleasure and intellectual growth, a mistake which for the rest of her life she would correct. And she kept her word.

CHAPTER XVI

AUGUSTIN DALY AND THE NEW YORK THEATRE — “UNDER THE GASLIGHT” — DAVENPORT IN MISCHIEF — “CASTE” — W. J. FLORENCE — MRS. GILBERT — STARRING — NEWARK, N. J.— WASHINGTON

THE management under which I played *Jeanie Deans* did not last long, and their vacating the New York Theatre opened its doors to Augustin Daly, who, then a very young man and occupying the position of dramatic critic on the New York “Evening Express,” took the theatre as a weekly tenant.

Mr. Daly afterward told me that when he became the lessee of that theatre his entire capital did not reach the sum of five hundred dollars. It was his third venture into the theatrical business, although but his first step into regular management. His first had been his arrangement into dramatic form of Mosenthal’s drama of “Deborah,” which he called “Leah, the Forsaken,” for Kate Bateman. This was followed

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by an attempt to make a successful star of Avonia Jones.

But Daly had always been a manager; his mother told me that when he was a very small boy he played at management and never wished to play at anything else. When other boys would evince a very natural desire to play "tag" or "hop-scotch," or any other of the games to which small boys are addicted, Daly would organise his comrades into a stock company and manage them. He never attempted to act himself, but, even as a child, he cast his pieces and handled his company with the single-mindedness that characterised him afterward.

So now, when his life-long ambition was in the inception of its realisation, he was perfectly equipped for his work, concentrated in his methods, self-contained and self-reliant, knowing exactly what he wanted to do and how he meant to do it.

He began his career as a manager with the production of his own dramatisation of Charles Reade's novel, "Griffith Gaunt," then popular.

The name of the heroine was *Kate Peyton*, and

AUGUSTIN DALY'S OFFER

Daly, having his own fixed ideas of just what sort of actress he wanted to personate this heroine, had experienced great difficulty in finding her. His offering the part to me, or rather his suggesting to me the possibility that I might be induced to play it, was quite accidental, and occurred at our first meeting.

One of the actresses whom he was considering for the part was visiting me, and Mr. Daly called to see her. At her request I received him. We discussed the story and the character of *Kate*, with the result that, with one of those gusts of sudden resolution to which he was addicted, he asked me if I would play the part. On account of the terms of my contract with Lester Wallack, I was not free to consider the offer; but I was greatly taken with and interested in the serious-eyed, intensely earnest young manager. He urged me to promise to consider playing the part if Mr. Wallack's consent to my doing so could be obtained.

This promise I made. In an incredibly brief time this man, young, unknown, and without influence, managed to see Mr. Wallack, and returned to me armed with a note containing

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the desired permission, only making the condition that I would not play in New York later than within six weeks of the opening of the regular season. There was no talk of terms between us. Indeed, at this stage of the negotiation there could not very well have been.

Daly now had his theatre, his company, and possibly his heroine. He had gathered about him a company of exceptional excellence, his leading man being J. K. Mortimar, and we began rehearsing.

During the first rehearsal Mr. Daly interrupted me from time to time, to give me instructions as to this or that bit of business. But I was feeling my way through the part, and these interruptions, though undoubtedly judicious and necessary, made me nervous and uncertain in my work; so I went quietly to him, where he sat at the prompt table, reminded him that this rehearsal was only a trial, and begged that he would allow me to struggle through the part uninterrupted. I suggested that he should make notes of any changes which he wished me to make, and if I played the part we could incorporate these changes in future rehearsals.

DALY'S ASPIRATIONS

To all these suggestions he promptly and amiably assented.

I played *Kate*. The piece ran several weeks. During its run my serious-eyed young manager told me of an original play which he was writing, and which he wished to produce at the close of the run of "Griffith Gaunt." This piece was "Under the Gaslight."

At his invitation I went to his home in Horatio Street, where he lived with his mother and brother, and he read me the play. Even then his artistic aspirations and longings were struggling for expression. The walls of the conventional little room, which was fitted up as a sort of "den" and writing-room, were coloured a dark blue, and there were little plaster casts and small pictures scattered about; and everywhere there were evidences of his reaching out after a literary and artistic atmosphere.

The result of this visit was that I agreed to originate the part of *Laura Courtland*.

Again Daly surrounded himself with an exceptionally good company, J. K. Mortimar playing the character part, and Dolly Daven-

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port the lead. I confess I do not remember the story. I only remember that the situation of the piece is where I break down a door with an axe which I opportunely find, and rescue somebody who is lashed down on a railroad track, and that this "business" was preceded by my frantic exclamation, "The axe, the axe!"

This exclamation became a sort of catchword, and Davenport, who was an incorrigible guyer, used to serve it up to me on all possible and impossible occasions, with the result that there was a great deal too much giggling and guying during the performance.

Mr. Daly, who was then the same watchful, ubiquitous manager he always was, tried every available means to check us, with, I am sorry to say, very little success.

One night, in sheer desperation, he threatened Davenport, upon whom—with how much justice I will not say—he looked as the ring-leader, with immediate discharge if he did not on the following night and at every performance thereafter play the part seriously.

The next night Davenport made his appear-

DAVENPORT IN MISCHIEF

ance dressed completely in black, even wearing black kid gloves throughout the entire performance; and he played the part throughout without a smile, investing it with unbroken, lugubrious gloom. The result was that every scene in which he appeared, even the most serious ones, went with shouts of laughter; and the more the audience laughed, the more solemnly serious Davenport became.

When the final curtain fell, Daly appeared and fairly and frankly gave up the fight. He begged Davenport to doff his "suit of solemn black" and play the part as he had always played it.

The magnanimous action of our young manager had the effect of making us all feel heartily ashamed of ourselves, and from that night, by unanimous decision, there was no more guying.

These two engagements under Daly's management resulted in a friendship between him and myself that ended only with his life. We became good comrades. His duty as dramatic critic made it necessary for him sometimes to make flying visits to several theatres in one evening, and I was always glad to accept

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his invitation to accompany him on these little expeditions.

In this manner I witnessed with Daly the first performance of French comic opera that was given in New York. It was "La Grande Duchesse," with Tostée as *La Duchesse*. As an indication of the change in public taste, both Mr. Daly and I were so far from pleased with the performance that we left early in the second act, finding it rather—well! *rather!*—for our taste. Nowadays the performance would be rated rather slow.

With him also I witnessed the performance of "Caste," which was produced by W. J. Florence. The piece had been secured from Tom Robertson by Wallack for production at Wallack's Theatre during the following regular season. But Florence brought over a (shall we say an annexed?) copy of the piece in a summer season, in advance of Wallack, with himself, his wife, Owen Marlowe, Davidge, Mrs. Chanfrau, and Mrs. Gilbert in the cast. I was particularly pleased with Mrs. Gilbert's performance of the *Marquise*, and I said to Daly, "When you get your theatre, there is a

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woman you ought to engage." He replied, "I will." How well he kept his word we all know.

Somewhere about this time I was often invited to star here and there. Among the offers were one from Washington and one from Newark, which I accepted. The theatre in Newark was under the management of Mr. and Mrs. Waller,—delightful people to meet, both personally and artistically. Of that week I retain most pleasant recollections. To both these engagements Mr. Daly accompanied me, producing my pieces for me.

A quaint incident occurred one night in Washington during the last act of "Griffith Gaunt." In the most intense situation there arose—I could scarcely say whence—the most awful din. Being in the prisoner's box undergoing trial for my life, I was very greatly distressed over what seemed to be a wanton effort to disturb my performance. I spoke off the wing several times, imperatively demanding that it should be stopped. My demands were quite

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unavailing, and my annoyance was greatly increased by observing that my remonstrances were met by a helpless shrug or shake of the head, accompanied by a suppressed smile.

The moment the curtain fell, intent upon visiting dire vengeance on the head of the offender, I was hurrying from the box when everybody in the wings rushed on the stage and no longer attempted to suppress laughter. My stage-manager said: "No use, Miss Eytinge, even you could not stop that noise; that's from above!"

It was. The roof was covered with tin; some plates had become loosened; and when a gust came, the wind, which was blowing fiercely, would raise these plates and rattle them. My stage-manager was quite right. I was obliged to submit. It was from above.

CHAPTER XVII

LONDON.— PARIS — LONGCHAMPS AND THE *GRAND PRIX*
— NAPOLEON III AND THE EMPRESS EUGENIE — PRIN-
CESS METTERNICH — PRINCE PIERRE NAPOLEON — DR.
EVANS — NUBAR PASHA — AUBER AND VERDI — AMER-
ICANS IN PARIS — CORA PEARL

IN 1869 I went abroad for what was, virtually, the first time, for my earlier hurried trip across and back, which barely occupied three weeks, could scarcely be called a visit.

After an uneventful voyage we arrived in Liverpool and went direct to London, arriving in that city on a Sunday morning,— a drizzling, grizzling, grey Sunday morning, and I cannot remember a more wretchedly uninteresting, empty, miserable day than was that first Sunday in London.

As a consequence, the next day, bright and early, we set out, like true Americans, for Paris, then at the zenith of her pride and beauty. Napoleon the Third was then Emperor of France; and while he may possibly have been

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weak, short-sighted, corrupt, or any of the many things he ought not to have been, he certainly made of Paris the finest, most fascinating city in Europe, both to native and to visitor.

It is quite likely that both citizen and visitor were heavily taxed, but in return for that tax they enjoyed the inestimable privilege of living in what had the appearance of a perfectly governed city. They had the opportunity of living in an atmosphere of lightness and brightness, where the air was filled with the scent of flowers, the sound of music, and the gay laughter of light-hearted souls.

Paris, in those days, was so attractive that travellers from the four corners of the earth hurried through her gates, glad of the opportunity to witness and to share her glory, and more than willing in return to pour their wealth into her lap. To the visiting onlooker there was no evidence that the Parisians ever complained of the condition.

Certainly I never heard a French landlady complain, as I remember once to have heard an English one do. In response to the latter's cry of poverty I tried to cheer her up by point-

AT LONGCHAMPS RACES

ing out to her the many opportunities which she had for accumulating and saving money. "Ah, yes, my dear lady," she replied, "but the minute I've saved a sovereign, along comes a man in a black coat and takes it for the Queen." Arrived in Paris, we availed ourselves of the opportunity to see the race for the *Grand Prix*. And where could be seen a finer sight than Longchamps of a Sunday during the Third Empire?

It might not, I submit, have been a refreshing spectacle to an old-fashioned, orthodox, New England deacon; but to the everyday mere human creature it presented a picture likely to live a long time in the memory, marked with a white stone,—the long stretch of perfectly kept white road, gleaming in the sunshine; the vast, emerald-green lawn, trim and close-cut; the horses in the paddock and on the course, with their well-trimmed fetlocks, hoofs oiled and polished, and their coats glossy, and carrying their heads high as if they knew their value. The Imperial stand, ablaze with colour, was filled with beautiful women in faultless costumes, and with equally well-dressed men.

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Everywhere was gaiety, brilliancy. The air was redolent of sweetness and bright with flowers.

Here they come! — bowling along over the soft, green turf, in a low, dark landau drawn by four perfectly matched bays, with outriders gorgeous in uniforms which glittered with gold and steel, and with postilions jingling with spurs and bells, Napoleon the Third and the Empress Eugénie, followed by their court in equipages of equal beauty and brilliancy.

The Empress was then, like her realm, in the zenith of her beauty. She was tall and graceful, with a swan-like throat set upon beautiful sloping shoulders, her hands were exquisite, and her hair rippled in golden splendour around her fair face. But her eyes were set too closely together, and drooped too low at their corners, as also drooped the corners of her mouth, to indicate that she had either a generous heart or a large understanding.

Beside her sat the Emperor with his dignified bearing and gracious manner, and his carefully waxed moustache and "imperial." Louis Napoleon, like many another, had a happy knack

NAPOLEON III AND EUGENIE

of looking much more than he was. The one feature that seriously detracted from the general impressiveness of his appearance were his eyes. They were heavy, bulging, fish-like eyes.

With them was their son, young Prince Napoleon, a beautiful child of a fair young mother. Fortunately it was not then given to that mother to be able to look into the future, where waited disaster and disgrace, where death lurked for her husband, his realm to fall about him like a house of cards; and her boy, stricken down in early manhood, dying on an African hillside, and herself passing long, lonely years of widowhood in exile.

In the Empress's train there were many beautiful women, and courtly, distinguished-looking men; but as I was neither a chamberlain nor a chambermaid at the French Court I did not know them by name. To be sure I did recognise here and there some one whom I had seen before. There was the Princess Metternich, who was as well known and as well beloved for her charities as for her repartee. She was at that time considered one of the plainest but

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one of the wittiest women in Paris. To be the first is a misfortune, to be the second is fatal.

And there was Prince Pierre Napoleon, cousin to the Emperor, and better known by his *sobriquet* of "Plon-Plon," who bore a striking likeness to the first Napoleon. With him was his gentle, pretty young wife, the Princess Clothilde, who had emerged from the safe, sunny shelter of the Convent of the Sacred Heart to be given in marriage to him, and to live for many sad years in the cold shade of his neglect. Near the Empress was her faithful attendant, Dr. Evans, the American dentist. He was a loyal courtier in the train of the Empress of the French in the days of her prosperity and power, and still more loyal to the helpless Spanish woman in that dark hour when, stripped of rank and power, she was fleeing for her life!

Coming across the lawn from the paddock, surrounded by admirers, I recognised a countrywoman, the beautiful Mrs. Ritchie (now Mrs. Adair), a daughter of General Wadsworth, of New York.

NUBAR PASHA AND AUBER

A stately man, with a complexion resembling a pomegranate which has hung a trifle too long in the sun; with a long, drooping moustache; with hands and feet remarkable for their smallness and perfection of shape; with dark, impenetrable eyes,—was Nubar Pasha, chief minister to Ismail Pasha, then Khedive of Egypt, and grandfather of the present Khedive. At the time of which I write, Nubar Pasha, an Armenian noble, was considered one of the foremost diplomatists in Europe, being ranked as second only to Prince Gortschakoff.

Standing in the front rank of the gay crowd was a dapper little man, with a faint pair of legs encased in lavender trousers and supporting a fragile body that was trimly buttoned into a perfectly fitting bright blue surtout, his breast ornamented with a red rose. The very latest thing in hats covered his snow-white hair. This was Auber, the composer. He was at that time more than eighty years of age, but to all appearance as gay and debonair and as full of interest in the scene about him as if he had been a boy of twenty.

Not far from Auber stood Verdi, who at that

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time was engaged in finishing his opera, "Aida," composed at the order of Ismail Pasha. Ismail was building an opera-house at Cairo, which "Aida" opened with great *eclat*, Verdi himself conducting.

Prominent in the paddock, moving about among his compatriots, was Leonard Jerome, the father of Mrs. Cornwallis West, formerly Lady Randolph Churchill, and grandfather to Winston Churchill. Leonard Jerome was easily one of the most distinguished-looking men present. There, too, was Harry Stone, a notable American of that day. And there was Cora Pearl, then one of the features of Paris. She was reclining in a perfectly appointed victoria, and was dressed in an ethereal-looking costume of pale mauve. Her poodle, which sat on the low front seat, solemnly blinking at her, was dyed the same delicate shade of mauve.

Such were Longchamps, and the *Grand Prix* in the days of the Third Empire. And when one remembers Paris as it was then, when one remembers the gaiety, the brightness, the beauty that were everywhere, and then is

IMPERIAL PARIS

brought into close view of the rough face of republican France as she is to-day, one is inclined to cry with the Moors of old:

“Aye de me, Alhama!”

CHAPTER XVIII

ROYALTY AND RANK — FONTAINEBLEAU AND "THE BLACK EAGLE" — ACROSS THE ALPS — ITALY — ALEXANDRIA — THE AMERICAN TRAVELLER — RAMLEH — CLEOPATRA — THE *BAWAUB* — A MASCULINE CHAMBERMAID

I REMAINED for several months in Paris in that summer of 1869, and during that time I saw a good bit of the high and mighty-nesses of the Court and of the Third Empire. Being connected, as I was, through my immediate family, with an important diplomatic post, I was in a peculiarly fortunate position for this purpose.

But I was never specially impressed by rank; perhaps my stage life and experience had rather taken the edge off any feeling of awe and reverence for titles, even the highest.

I had queened it myself not a few times on the stage, and as for duchesses and countesses, why, they had been as plenty as blackberries in season; and the only difference I have ever been able to see between the real thing in titles and the mimic is that there is a good bit more

"THE BLACK EAGLE"

of rest and ease of mind in the mimic, when one can take off the crown jewels and regalia and go off behind the scenes and be "your simple, honest, independent self."

Rather than any of the gorgeous functions, which it was my lot to attend, there remain in my mind, as recollections of that time, pleasant memories of short trips made to some one or other of the many delightful little places that lie within easy distance from and all around Paris. Such, for example was an excursion to Fontainebleau; and, being there, of course to the inn of the "Black Eagle." This has been an inn since early in the sixteen-hundreds, and it is to-day — or was a few years ago — the same in every feature that it was in that far-away time.

It is a low, two-storied cottage, built around three sides of a cool, damp, shady, brick-paved courtyard, furnished with quaint rustic tables and chairs; and here you can sit and take your meal, and look across to the Forest of Fontainebleau and wish that the stately old trees that are nodding and whispering to each other would tell some of the secrets of the old days

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of royal splendour that they have witnessed. And if you propose to spend the night at the little inn, you will be shown with great ceremony up a crooked, narrow, winding stairway into a bedroom about twelve feet square, with a much-broken brick floor, and, by way of luxury, a bit of carpet about as large as a good-sized pocket-handkerchief spread at the side of the bed; but always with the inevitable mirror over the chimney-piece, and with the equally inevitable pair of vases and clock upon it, and the picture of the Blessed Virgin hanging over the head of the bed.

And when you are left alone in possession of this room, and look about you, and become aware of the shadows that lurk in the corners and dart out at you as your solitary candle flares and flickers, you find your envy of those folk who lived in the "good old times" giving way to a feeling of thankfulness that you are here in this prosaic, conventional twentieth century, where you can command the ugly but comforting steam-radiator and the commonplace gas-meter.

After a stay of some months in Paris, I started

CROSSING THE ALPS

for Italy via Mont Cenis. The building of the celebrated tunnel had just been decided upon, but I was able to avail myself of the journey over the mountains instead of through them, as travellers are now obliged to do. The experience was replete with interest and pleasure, an incident which occurred during the trip adding greatly to both.

About midway, having reached the topmost peak of Mont Cenis, we were met by an obstacle, the recent heavy rains having caused a wash-out on the road, and we were obliged to leave the coaches and to walk a mile or two down the mountain side. It was rather a curious sensation to find one's self trudging along the identical road over which Hannibal led his army, and Napoleon marched his forces on his raid against his Italian neighbours.

Through Turin, Ancona, Verona, and many other old Italian towns around which is entwined so much historic lore and romance, we went to Venice, and thence by steamer to Alexandria.

To offer any detailed description of the port of

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Alexandria, which is now as well known to travellers as is New York's beautiful harbour or the Golden Gate, would be useless, and the same may be said of the city itself, which is one of the most cosmopolitan cities in the world.

As its heterogeneous mass of humanity is composed of Christians, Copts, Jews, Mohammedans, Greeks, Armenians, Turks, Arabs, Albanians, Maltese, Spaniards, French, Italians, Germans, Scandinavians, Britons, Americans, and any and every other sort of folk, known or unknown, and all wear, as if by concerted arrangement, their respective national costumes, the streets of the town present a most kaleidoscopic effect. And as the representatives of each and every one of these nationalities, by the law of attraction, seek their own countrymen, the place is divided and subdivided into small colonies, with the result that it resembles a map, with its little patches of colour placed here and there.

But of all the many sorts and conditions of men who trot over this globe, for a good traveller commend me to my compatriots. The

THE AMERICAN TRAVELLER

American tourist is, to my mind, the most all-around sensible and adaptable traveller. He goes a long way, and usually at great cost, to see a foreign country. Finding himself in that faraway land, he at once and earnestly sets about seeing it in the most practical fashion. He throws himself into every new situation that presents itself with a good-humoured gusto, and with a determination to get all the enjoyment possible out of it. As a natural consequence of this highly commendable disposition, in Egypt and throughout the East the American is to be found in the coolest, lightest, and most unbecoming costume, including, of course, an enormous *puggaree* wound around his hat, the white ends dangling down behind like the sash of "a little maid at school."

And he rides, when he would much rather walk, on the little native donkey, which he could much more easily and comfortably carry. He makes miscellaneous and indiscriminate purchases in the "Mouski," and of native merchants generally, at fabulous prices, buying entirely useless articles, manufactured with special reference to him, and such as him, in New England.

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He sits for hours in front of a dingy little café, listening to and taking great seeming interest in the ceaseless chatter which goes on around him, made up of a polyglot of bad Italian and worse French, Turkish, Arabic, and what not else, while he drinks innumerable cups of Turkish coffee. This is black, bitter, and gritty. He does not like it at all, and he would on no account touch it if he were at home. In brief, he makes himself thoroughly uncomfortable and enjoys himself immensely.

Finding Alexandria hot, uninviting, and infected by all the known plagues of Egypt and a few more, I went in a few days after my arrival to Ramleh. This is a semi-European colony of villas on the shores of the Mediterranean, about four miles from Alexandria. On the spot now called Ramleh once stood the ancient city of Alexandria, in the days of its splendour and glory. I was so fortunate as to secure for occupancy a house built upon a famous foundation. Between it and the sapphire sea, whose waves lapped the shore a few paces away, there lay, buried in the sand,

AMERICAN HOME IN EGYPT

the ruins of Cleopatra's palace, and at a short distance was the spot where Octavius Cæsar set up his camp when, after defeating Marc Antony, he came as the conqueror of Egypt and of Egypt's queen. But that august sovereign, true to the dictates of the nature that had given her the power to rule men,— and, through men, nations,— acknowledged only death as her victor.

Upon this historic spot I set up my establishment, raised the American flag, and proceeded to the task of conducting in Egypt an American home on strictly American principles. I do not think that that most famous of all blunders, *Handy Andy*, ever succeeded in making more of them than I did in the ordering of my domestic affairs while I was learning my way about.

For an example: It is the custom of the country for all good houses to employ a hall porter, whose designation in the national vernacular, is *bawaub*. His is the highest and most honourable position — after the janissary — of the staff of servants, and it is usual to select for it a person of ancient and honourable lineage. It

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seems that the one who had been chosen for this post in my house filled the requirements thoroughly, being able to trace back his family three, four, or five thousand years, and, as additional recommendation, he enjoyed the honour of never having been known to have done an honest day's work.

Clad in a long garment of spotless white, the duty of this functionary is to sit cross-legged, or, when he believed himself to be unobserved, to lie full length, on a sort of camp bedstead, composed of reeds, at the entrance of the house, which is usually a courtyard of more or less magnitude. Here he receives the cards of visitors and passes them on to some one of the indoor servants. And so they are passed from hand to hand, and if the mistress of the house happens to have been born under a lucky star, in an hour or two after they have been started on this circuitous trip she may receive the "pasteboards."

Now I, being entirely ignorant of this custom and of the character of the duties of a *bawaub*, saw only a long, lean, elderly person, clad in what appeared to me a more seemly garment

A MASCULINE CHAMBERMAID

than that worn by the other servants, and I concluded that she was, or ought to be, the chambermaid, and set her to work as such. The more strenuously the old one seemed to object, the more urgently I insisted; and in the performance of these tasks the antique bronze was often admitted to ceremonies which are usually sacred to feminine view.

As these tasks were most unwillingly gone about, and as their performance was usually accompanied by many low mutterings suggestive of the Southern darkey, who is given to the dual habit of securing the last word and of muttering "cuss words," I christened the old servant "Cussie-cussie."

It was not until the chief janissary begged for an audience, and with many apologies and salaams imparted to me the *bawaub's* ancient lineage, sex, and position, that I learned what an injustice I had been committing.

With profuse apologies I promptly restored my *bawaub* to the duties and siestas of his time-honoured place, but there was no denying the fact that he had been thoroughly indoctrinated in the duties of a first-class chambermaid.

CHAPTER XIX

LOVE, THE GREAT LEVELLER — THE SERVANT PROBLEM
IN EGYPT — HOW THE GROCER IMPORTED HIS BRIDE —
WOMEN IN THE EAST — THE HAREMS — AN ORIENTAL
LADY'S CALL UPON AN AMERICAN WOMAN — THE MAN
IN THE CASE — HUMAN NATURE

FOR a while after my arrival in Alexandria, before going to Ramleh, I stopped at a hotel, the New Callot, the proprietor being an Italian named Pantalini. While there an incident occurred which proves that love levels all languages as well as all ranks.

It seems that Signor Pantalini had assimilated some of the domestic ideas of the unspeakable Turk, and had reduced them to practice in his daily life and in his own hotel. He had caused to be fitted up in the most sumptuous fashion a suite of rooms on the top floor, and there he had installed his *inamorata*.

The adjoining suite had been assigned to a young American "dude," who was doing Europe and the East after the most approved fashion

AN AMERICAN DUDE

of dudes. These two suites had no doors of communication, but the windows of each opened upon the same balcony, an airy, mysterious-looking little trysting-place. But what of that? The young American could speak no Italian, and Signor Pantalini's fair one could utter her thoughts and wishes only in the sibilant syllables of her own sunny Italy.

Notwithstanding these circumstances, which would seem to have been enough to place an insurmountable obstacle to any hope of even acquaintance between these neighbours, in just a fortnight from the time when the young Yankee spark had been installed in that eyrie he levanted with Signor Pantalini's *cara sposa!*

Once I found myself installed in my own house, I had great difficulty in reconciling myself to the absence of women servants. But in Egypt and throughout the Orient the order of service is conducted on distinctly contrary principles to anything to which we of this Western hemisphere are accustomed.

Men perform all the domestic and indoor service, while it is no unusual thing to see women

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toiling in the fields, doing work upon buildings in course of erection, and generally accomplishing those tasks which we are accustomed to see performed by men. In my efforts to find some women for my household I made inquiries of the various trades-people with whom I dealt, and my grocer, a good-looking young Englishman, told me he knew of a young English woman who he thought would be willing to come out if her expenses were paid. As to her qualification, he could recommend her most highly. Negotiations were at once concluded. I advanced the sum of twelve pounds, and as fast as steam could fetch her the young woman came out. I had every reason to believe that the grocer's recommendation was entirely sincere, for within a week of the young woman's arrival she and her sponsor were married!

A very brief residence in the Orient convinced me that the women of the East not only do not need, nor do they wish for, the sympathy of their sisters of the West, but they profoundly pity us. Indeed they go further: they despise us! And this is because they agree with the

VISITING THE HAREMS

men that we are, one and all, objects of extreme indifference to our husbands, lovers, or brothers. If we were not, these our husbands, lovers, and brothers would not allow us to wander about the world with uncovered faces, thus making it possible for other men to look upon us.

A somewhat embarrassing instance of this peculiar point of view occurred to me. Through my relations with the diplomatic circle I enjoyed many privileges not usually accorded to Christians in a Moslem country. One of these was to visit many harems, particularly those of the Viceroy and of families high in position about his Court. There was one lady, the wife of an official of high rank in the viceregal service, whom I had met several times, and between whom and myself there had come to be a sort of friendship which had grown and flourished with the help of an interpretess and with the further aid of such fragments of Arabic as I had managed to pick up.

This lady had several times expressed a great desire to visit me in my home, to see for herself how we Christians lived our everyday lives. I

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frankly urged her to do so. But if I fancied that this interchange of wishes was sufficient, I soon found my mistake. All sorts of permissions had to be obtained from all sorts of persons, official and unofficial. One by one these obstacles disappeared before a vigorous and more or less continuous waving of the American flag.

At last all was arranged. It was left for me only to name a day and hour for the visit, with a solemn promise on my part that on that day I must banish every man who belonged to my establishment. I must be sure that from the moment the dark-eyed daughter of the sun crossed my threshold that threshold must be so well guarded that no masculine eye should have the opportunity to gaze upon those charms that were sacred to her lord.

When the cavalcade bringing me my visitor arrived, it consisted, first, of the Laiee, then of two eunuchs, each coal-black and enormously fat, on horseback, then the carriage, with another eunuch, as fat and as black, on the box with the driver, the carriage being jealously closed on all sides. Then, on each side of the

DUTIES OF EUNUCHS

carriage, two more eunuchs, with great curved swords attached to their sides with broad red sashes.

It stopped, then, with a great jingling of spurs and swords, and a great hubbub of voices of every key, the two huge, black masses of humanity heading the procession were dragged, and pulled, and helped, to roll to the ground. Once there, they took their positions on either side of the carriage. The same ceremony having been gone through with the other two eunuchs, they also ranged themselves at the side of the first two. When the carriage door was opened I saw, partly lifted, partly rolled, what might have been *Jack Falstaff* himself new-risen from the buck-basket. A closer inspection revealed only a huge, animated grey bundle, which rapidly disappeared into the house.

At the same moment my janissary opened the door of the drawing-room, advanced a short distance into the room on tip-toe, and in low, mysterious, whispered tones told me she was coming; then, carrying his shoes in one hand and impressing silence with the other, he swiftly

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and silently withdrew. I began to feel as if I were playing a walking-lady in a farce and did not know my lines. Again the door opened and the grey bundle entered. Now I began to feel in some slight degree mistress of the situation, and, being more at ease myself, I determined that I would do all in my power to put my visitor in the same condition. I summoned all my small stock of Arabic; I made her understand that we were quite alone and safe from all fear of interruption; that she must take off her "things," and we would have a real old-fashioned Yankee visit.

I helped to unroll her out from her grey silk sheet, only to find her encased in a nondescript garment of the same material, somewhat resembling an old-fashioned *pelisse* — only more so.

I decided that this also should come off, feeling quite sure that the sad-coloured sack was not the sort of thing which she usually wore; and, after removing this and her *yashmak*, there stood before me a very pretty woman, lightly dressed in a motley attire of bright-coloured, ill-made, and worse-fitting garments

A DELIGHTFUL SPMPOSIUM

in which there was no redeeming feature, there being neither grace, beauty, nor comfort to recommend them. Her ears, neck, breast, arms, and fingers were loaded with heavy, barbaric-looking jewellery; her little pudgy fingers were purple and pressed out of shape with rings almost to their ends; and on her head was perched a sort of miniature turban, made out of a wisp of white tarletan, fastened with an aigrette which was set with diamonds of almost priceless value.

And then we set out to talk,— she to ask and I to answer questions; and what we could not say with our tongues we said with our eyes, our hands, our shoulders.

I showed her some books and pictures, and, what interested her much more, my gowns and bonnets and frippery. I was not long from Paris, and the time flew. A couple of hours seemed like so many minutes. Then we had luncheon, and no two youngsters at school, discussing a box of goodies from home, ever enjoyed a treat more or extracted more fun from it, than we got out of that luncheon.

We were recalled from our symposium by a

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knock at the door. Thinking it was some addition to our meal, I said, "Come in!" The door opened, and there strode into the room—a man!—a real, live, sure-enough man! And no common sort of man either,—a true son of Anak, six-foot-three, with a figure to match his height, a bearing that set off both height and figure, and a pair of bright blue eyes that set one's own a-dancing just to look into them. In he strode with the confident air of one who felt sure of his welcome.

At the first glimpse of this spectacle my little guest, with a terrified shriek, fled to the farthest end of the room and concealed as much as was possible of herself in the folds of the window curtains. I am not, however, certain that she covered her eyes.

I flew to my — for the nonce — unwelcome guest, gave him the "right-about," and, to his great surprise, led him from the room. Once on the outside, and the door securely closed, I explained the situation to him. He increased my embarrassment by being greatly amused and by insisting upon returning and making his apologies to the lady.

AN UNWELCOME VISITOR

The explanation of the presence of my unexpected guest was very simple. He was an American officer in the service of the Viceroy, was upon terms of so great intimacy with my household as to feel himself free to dispense with the ceremony of sending in his card, and in coming directly to my drawing-room he was only following his usual custom. The presence of the carriage and suite of my visitor, waiting in the courtyard, was an occurrence too common to attract his attention, and the stately *bawaub*, whose duty it was to have warned him, was, as usual, fast asleep.

I returned to my trembling guest and set about soothing her nerves and calming her fears, and I found this a much easier task than I had dared to hope. Indeed I soon found that she took quite a Christian view of the situation. It was not so much the presence of the man that alarmed her, as it was the fear of his presence being found out, thus proving that wherever you place us, Moslem or Mohammedan, Turk or Jew or Christian, there is a great deal of human nature about us, after all.

CHAPTER XX

AMERICAN PATRIOTISM — WOMAN'S STATUS IN AMERICA
AND THE EAST CONTRASTED — EUNUCHS — EUROPEAN
WIVES OF MOHAMMEDAN MAGNATES

I KNOW of nothing that is so surely calculated to develop the patriotism of an American woman as a sojourn in a foreign country. This is especially the case if that sojourn be in what we are pleased to term "heathen" territory. At one time and another I have lived much abroad—in England, in various Continental cities, and in the Orient; and the effect of each of those experiences has been to send me home with my patriotism and pride of country increased and intensified.

In no other country is woman so respected, so sheltered and protected, as in America. In no other country are men so chivalrous, so gallant to women, so careful and considerate of them, as in America. And, at the risk of being discursive, I would like to say that I think we have here two classes of men who stand pre-eminent

WOMEN OF THE EAST

in their chivalrous and protective attitude toward women,— railroad-men and firemen.

The Orient, like any heathen land, is an especially unpleasant place of sojourn for a Christian woman. The Mohammedan, by reason of his faith, despises women. And his nature, his habits, his education and everything that goes to make up his life, develops and fosters this feeling of contempt for women.

A Christian woman, if she once realised, in ever so small a degree, the Mohammedan character and nature, would indignantly repel and repudiate as an insult the sleek, smiling, salacious compliments so freely offered her by an Oriental.

Life in the Orient is most irksome to an American woman, despite its many charms of climate, colour, beauty and mystery. An American woman is born and reared in freedom. She is used to go and come as she pleases, her own judgment and her own sense of the proprieties being her only censors; and it is very irritating to her to be obliged to live in a land where she must not, under any circumstances, walk out. When she appears upon the street it must be in a carriage.

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If she be a person of social standing, she must be attended. If she is the mistress of a household, she cannot go to market in the good old-fashioned way to provide for her family; but she must retain a man-servant who is at once major-domo and steward. He must receive the money for the marketing, and she must take what he chooses to return to her, always allowing a liberal sum for his stealings. These are only a few of the restraints which meet an American or European woman at every step.

But this very absence of all freedom, and the control and espionage that constantly surround the Oriental woman, are the source of her highest pride. Such a woman of rank or social position passes her life entirely among the women and children of her own household. She has no social world beyond the precincts of her own *hareem* (or harem, as it is usually spelled in English); she has no social duties or obligations, no domestic occupations. Life, with her, is a continual condition of loll.

The portion of the house of an Oriental which is dedicated to the use of the women and children comprising his family is entirely separated from

POWER OF THE EUNUCHS

the part of the house inhabited by the master, or *pasha*. And the power of admission to the women's quarters, the harem, is vested only in the pasha or the head eunuch. The door is always jealously locked and guarded, and admission to or egress from the harem can be obtained only by the favour of the eunuch.

This power makes the eunuch king of the house. The Oriental women, far from resenting this state of things, are proud of the isolation and seclusion in which they pass their lives, and interpret their imprisonment as proof of the admiration and love which their husbands entertain for them.

Their explanation of the freedom which Christian women enjoy is that Christian husbands are indifferent to their wives, and it is because of that indifference that the poor, unloved creatures may wander where they will with uncovered faces, permitting all men to look upon them. When I was in Alexandria and Cairo it was my fortune to have upon my visiting-list quite a number of harems, including those of the Viceroy.

But while in those harems there was much

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splendour and magnificence, there was an utter absence of all those features that go to fill the Anglo-Saxon idea of home. There were beautiful gardens, brilliant and odorous with rare tropical flowers; music, barbaric if you will, but dreamy and fascinating; soft, luxurious divans; rare fruits and delicious confections, sweets and sherbets, black coffee and cigarettes.

But of books, or pictures, or statuary, or of anything that appealed to the intellect or the higher nature, there was not a trace. Nor was there a sign of the sacred privacy of the home.

While I was in Egypt there came under my notice one or two instances wherein European women, dazzled by the prospect of wealth and luxury, became the wives of Mohammedan magnates. Nothing more tragic, though at the same time more grotesque, than were the lives they led, can well be imagined.

As I write I recall the case of a bonnie English girl, about twenty years old, who at the persistent solicitation of an ambitious and impecunious widowed mother married a rich old copper-coloured pasha of about sixty. They had one child, a miserable, whining, weazen-

A MOHAMMEDAN'S WIFE

faced, copper-coloured little boy. The mother never manifested the slightest interest in this child. Indeed she never manifested any interest in anything. The poor girl was as very a slave as any to be found in the harem. She would gladly have given all her laces and cashmeres and jewels for a pretty, simple, English print gown; as gladly have exchanged her beautiful victoria and her fine horses, with which every afternoon she used to drive,—husband or mother beside her,—for a brief scamper across English fields.

One day she escaped from her splendid prison. She just quietly lay down and died,—as I verily believe, from sheer lack of a wish to live.

CHAPTER XXI

EGYPTIAN DANCING-GIRLS — THE VICEROY'S MOTHER —
ORIENTAL SPLENDOUR — A NOBLEMAN WITH AN HALLU-
CINATION

ONE of the most interesting if not one of the most agreeable experiences that ever came in my way was when I witnessed an exhibition of Egyptian dancing-girls.

This delectable form of entertainment is one not usually patronised by women, and was vouchsafed to me as a special mark of favour by the mother of the Viceroy, who was undoubtedly the reigning feminine power at the Egyptian Court. Although the Viceroy had at this time four wives, all legitimate according to Mohammedan laws, and a countless train of — shall we say “ladies of his household?” — his mother was the real power, and she it was whom his Excellency consulted on all important questions of foreign or domestic policy. Her tact and authority kept up a semblance of peace in that vast household, for, while the

EGYPTIAN DANCING-GIRLS

eunuchs ruled the wives, she ruled the eunuchs. She it was who prepared all the food of which her son partook, always accompanying him on his journeys for this purpose. With this old brown lady, who must have been between seventy and eighty years of age, I had found special favour.

At the time of which I speak there were a number of American women tourists in Cairo; and I was besieged by one and all to obtain for them some glimpses of harem life,— one merry party of Western girls insisting that they should see an exhibition of dancing-girls. The request made, time had to be taken for consideration, and after acquiescence had been obtained a day had to be set when the dancing-girls could be obtained, for these damsels are quite as expensive in their way and as exacting and capricious as are other *prime donne*.

The powers decided that the affair should come off at the Gezira Palace, the most spacious and magnificent of all the Viceroy's twenty-six domiciles. A general invitation was issued to the wives of the foreign consuls. They were all present except the Duchesse de Montholon,

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wife of the French consul-general, who, as always when a public function occurred, was too ill to be present, though it was an open secret that she, being a Spanish grandee and a rigid Catholic, never presented herself at any of the Egyptian Court functions.

At the last moment a difficulty arose in our party, several of the ladies being in deep mourning, and it was impossible that they should present themselves in black. To do so was to insult the Court.

In this dilemma all sorts of expedients were resorted to. Of course it would have been easy enough for them to meet the difficulty if they had wished to obtain fresh toilettes for the occasion; but this would have entailed heavy expense, and as they were persons of moderate means, and the costumes would have been useless to them afterward, they wished to evade the ruling. But as the difficulties grew, their anxiety to attend the function increased in corresponding degree.

At last an expedient was hit upon. The ladies produced from their trunks various shawls, large and small, and pieces of silk from Da-

ORIENTAL SPLENDOUR

fuscus, and what not else, and with a light and inexpensive skirt here, a showy little home-made bonnet there, and a graceful if somewhat *bizarre* disposition of these various fabrics, the party presented a highly picturesque and brilliant appearance. The most gorgeous effect was made by the chaperon. Among her possessions was a large *crepe* shawl, with a bright, light-blue ground, covered at intervals with all sorts of birds, and beasts and flowers of gorgeous colours. When this shawl was stretched across her ample shoulders, the spectacle was both instructive and inspiring.

At last we arrived at the ponderous gate of the Gezira Palace, whose frowning front offered no promise of the scene of beauty that was to burst upon us on entering its portals. When the janissary of the American Consulate — gorgeous in fine attire and carrying his silver tip-staff of office with great gravity and dignity — descended from his official post, and opened the box of the Consular carriage, and presented the viceregal invitation, the Egyptian guards presented arms, the trumpets sounded, the drums beat, the gates flew open, and we entered.

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Beauty, beauty, beauty everywhere! A bewildering blaze of light and colour; gleaming white and rose-coloured marble and alabaster; the air filled with the perfume of flowers, the song of birds, the cool tinkle of water from a fountain!

After wandering through a maze of this beauty, sometimes a courtyard, sometimes a garden, sometimes a lofty hall, we were ushered into the reception-hall. Enthroned on a dais at one end of this magnificent apartment sat my old brown friend, the Viceroy's mother; grouped about her, but not upon the dais, were the Viceroy's various wives and favourites and the ladies of the households of his various ministers and officers of the Court.

Among the foreign ladies present, conspicuous always for her beauty, was the then Countess of Dudley, now the dowager. This beautiful woman was spending some time in Egypt with her husband, who was suffering from one of his periodical attacks of hallucination, his especial imagination at that time being that he was a mouse. As the noble gentleman was about sixty years old and carried weight for age,

THE COUNTESS OF DUDLEY

he was somewhat unwieldy in his movements, and his attempts to retire under chairs or up chimneys to escape from imaginary marauding cats was somewhat embarrassing in general society.

His fair young Countess was less than half his age. It was amusing to see the effect upon the untutored savage when her ladyship told the viceregal mother, through an interpreter, that she had left several children at home, the youngest of whom was an infant of a few months. Arabian women are most devoted mothers.

At last the interminable ceremony of sweets, sherbets, and coffee was at an end, and we arrived at the cigarette period. Then the dancing-girls were introduced. At first there was a dreamy fascination about the exhibition, — the dim light, the soft, smothered tinkle-tinkle and strum-strum of the music, the beauty of the girls, shining with golden ornaments and graceful and agile as young fawns. But as the music increased in volume and measure, as the movements of the dancers kept time to this change, and as the longer they dance the more we saw of them, one's interest changed to

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languor, the languor to something very like disgust, and when they fell, semi-nude, panting, shapeless heaps upon their rugs, their retirement was accepted with a general sigh of relief.

CHAPTER XXII

TRAGEDIES OF THE HAREMS — SULYMAN PASHA — FROM A
FRENCH CLOISTER TO AN EGYPTIAN PRISON — CHERIF
PASHA AND HIS UNHAPPY WIFE

To live in the Orient, basking in perpetual sunshine, breathing the odours of perennial flowers, luxuriating on delicious fruits, being waited upon by willing slaves who feed the mind with subtle flatteries and the palate with cloying sweets, is not always to find life a playground.

The life in the harems sometimes discloses tragedies soul-sickening in their secret horror and in the utter inability of any power to avenge them. An incident that recurs to me will illustrate what I mean.

The beginning of this tragedy dates back to the time of Mehemet Ali, the founder of the present Egyptian dynasty, if Egypt can now be said to have a dynasty.

When this man, by a successful rebellion, seized the reins of government and proclaimed himself sovereign, he had in his confidential service a

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soldier who had served with distinction in the French army, in which at the period when he left that service he held the rank of colonel. Originally of the people, he had attained this position through the possession of unusual qualities. He was brave in action, ready in expedients, unscrupulous in carrying them out, and possessed of an insatiable cupidity.

These characteristics led to his committing some act which brought disgrace upon himself, and sooner than await the consequences, which seemed inevitable, he deserted and sought service in Egypt, where he soon rendered himself indispensable to Mehemet Ali, who, as soon as he found himself Egypt's ruler, loaded the apostate Frenchman,—who made no difficulty about declaring himself a good Mohammedan,—with wealth and honours. He bestowed upon him the title of Sulyman Pasha, and gave him as his first wife, or queen of his harem, an Armenian princess of great wealth and wondrous beauty.

Although Sulyman availed himself of his Mohammedan privileges to the fullest extent, and kept a flourishing domestic establishment, he

A MOHAMMEDAN PRINCESS

never deposed this princess from her first place in either his regard or her position. She bore him a daughter, and for this daughter he exhibited the fondest and deepest paternal love; and he revolted from the thought of having her grow up in the ignorant, aimless, idle life of the harem. While she was little more than a baby he sent her to a convent in France to be educated, and to grow up in the Catholic faith. Her Mohammedan parentage was carefully concealed, not only from her schoolmates, but also from the sisterhood and from herself, — only the Mother Superior being cognizant of the fact. It was only known that she was of high rank and great wealth.

She had been several years in the convent before she made a visit to her native place, and even then she was too young to realize the difference in the mode of life; and so she grew to womanhood virtually ignorant of the difference between herself and the girls who were her companions and friends, but from whom, in the near future, she was to be so completely and cruelly separated.

When she was in the first years of her bud-

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ding womanhood and fresh young beauty, she made one of her customary visits to her father, her mother having been dead several years; and during this visit her father, after a sudden and brief illness, died.

An examination of his affairs took place, and the story of her great wealth was confirmed; it was found that while she was still an infant her father had settled an immense fortune upon her, but he had made no provision looking toward her release from the condition of a Turkish subject.

The Viceroy was appointed her guardian, and she was surrounded with every luxury that her great wealth entitled her to. But her Christian attendants were all sent back to France, her household was conducted upon a strictly Turkish basis, and she herself was not permitted to leave the country. In a very short time the Viceroy gave her in marriage to Cherif Pasha, who was at least double her age, a man of wealth and importance and a thorough Moslem.

She, a free woman, made free by that greatest of all enfranchisements, a cultivated mind, was thus condemned to slavery. As the wife of a

A TRAGIC STORY

Turk she must live in her husband's harem along with the other women of his household, where she must be in the keeping of an official who by right of his office carried the key to those apartments, and only at his pleasure and in his custody could she leave them.

I had heard the tragic story of this woman some time before I made her acquaintance, though she might often have been present on any of the occasions when I visited the royal harem, and I not have been aware of her presence, as our Western custom of introduction and general intercourse did not prevail there.

But on one of these visits I met a woman who knew Madame Cherif by sight, and at my request she pointed her out to me. As she sat gorgeously dressed and ablaze with gems she was a most pathetic figure. Though she had passed her first youth she was still a striking and noble figure and bore traces of great beauty. Her great, dark eyes were surrounded by circles almost as dark as themselves, and she had an eager, starved glance. Her mouth was closely drawn in, and her lips were pressed together as though she habitually kept back the words

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that were striving for utterance. I was most painfully impressed by her hands, they were so pitifully eloquent. Such tiny hands they were, and, as they lay so white and helpless-looking on her gorgeous robe, they had a trick of fluttering, it seemed to me, like some lost bird whose wings had been sorely wounded.

There were tears in the quivering of those small fingers; they, and her eyes, and her mouth revealed a tragedy. I there and then made up my mind that if a woman who was herself happy in the privilege of having been born in a free land could brighten, if even in ever so slight a way, the dark fate of that unhappy woman, it should be done.

As soon as I could do so without attracting attention, I asked to be presented to Madame Cherif. After a few ceremonious words of greeting on either side, I said to her in my most distant manner, but with a slight shade of meaning in my voice, that it would give me great pleasure to call upon her. With a startled glance, first at me and then about her, she replied with one word, "Impossible!"

But I was determined that I would not be so

AN UNHAPPY WIFE

easily discouraged. I asked, "Is that your wish?" In reply, with another startled glance, she said, "It is my fear." To this I replied, "Leave it to me," and I moved away.

I knew that in trying to offer any hope to this poor creature I was setting for myself no easy task, but I rested my hopes on the fact that I knew Cherif Pasha quite well. By this time I had learned that the men of the Orient greatly enjoyed meeting the women of the Western world, but, while they enjoyed their intelligent talk and observed with a sort of puzzled admiration the perfect ease and freedom with which such women expressed their views, they were all very careful that none of that intelligence or freedom of opinion should find its way to the women of their own country or faith.

A little careful inquiry helped me to learn that the Cherif's harem was just then at his palace a little way out of Cairo, on the banks of the Mahmoudieh Canal, and I knew that the gardens of this palace were famous for the beauty and rarity of their flowers.

I developed a great interest in horticulture, and managed to have it given out that I en-

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joyed nothing so much as a stroll among the flowers.

A great man once told me that opportunities never occur,—they are made. And it was not long before I made an opportunity to mention to Cherif Pasha my love for flowers, and that I had heard of the great beauty of his garden. What so natural as that he should beg me to visit them, and that I should accept his invitation?

But I reminded his Excellency that the customs of my country made it incumbent that Madame Cherif Pasha should receive me, and after a little half-bantering, half-serious discussion the Pasha smilingly yielded to what he considered was an absurd exhibition of quite unnecessary etiquette.

An early day was named for the visit. I confess I looked forward to it with no small degree of nervousness. I had in my mind nothing definite, only a great wish to try to cheer this woman who, with the rank of a noble, the wealth of a millionaire, and the luxury of a sybarite, was poorer, more pitiable than the most miserable beggar that wanders through the streets

VISIT TO MADAME CHERIF

of any Christian town,— for that beggar has freedom.

It is needless to describe the details of my visit except so far as it relates to Madame Cherif. She, with three or four other wives of the Pasha and a train of women attendants, met us on our arrival. Standing on either side of the entrance to the harem were two tall eunuchs. They looked like great carved, ebony figures, they were so densely black and they stood so motionless.

With a fine assumption of breezy familiarity I at once claimed Madame Cherif as an old acquaintance, and while she seemed for a moment dazed and startled I drew her 'arm through mine, and, glibly chattering, I led her away from the rest.

Once out of earshot of the others, I told her rapidly that if — as I suspected — she was unhappy and needed a friend, I begged her to allow me to be that friend. I did not know if she needed or would accept my services, but here I was, and I begged her to command me. But I reminded her that moments were precious and she must be frank and prompt.

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The poor woman looked closely and wonderingly at me, and then said in an awe-struck whisper: "Yes! Yes! There is a God! It is true, what the good nuns taught me! Christ lives, and he has sent this angel to comfort me!" And she would have thrown herself at my feet if I had not promptly and imperatively prevented so absurd an act.

Self-control and a calm demeanour were most necessary, for the voices of others of the party could be heard. So, giving her a good, old-fashioned hand-shake, I drew her on and fell to chattering like a magpie, and as soon as we were at a safe distance I again begged her to tell me quietly if I could do anything to serve her. She said with quiet hopelessness, there was nothing. Then she added, "If sometimes I could see you, if you could tell me of your country, your home, where women are free, where they are permitted to read, to think!"

Before I had time to reply we were joined by others of the party, and during the rest of the visit I had no opportunity to speak confidentially to her; but I wanted very much to give her some little comforting message, so I begged

A MESSAGE OF HOPE

to be told the names of some rare plants, and then required paper and pencil with which to make a note of them. In taking these names I made many blunders; in short, I managed to write her a line telling her we would certainly meet again, and I hoped to be able so to manage it that she should return my visit. I might as well say here that at the time I told her this I had no more hope of being able to accomplish such a feat than I had of overturning the Turkish Empire.

I contrived to let her see the slip of paper on which I had scrawled my little message of hope, and shortly afterward she received it from under a dish of sweets. She withdrew for a moment to the side of a fountain that adorned the court, and on rejoining us I had the satisfaction of seeing her eat some little paper pellets together with some conserve of violets.

A few days after this visit to the gardens I sent to Madame Cherif a ceremonious invitation to her to return my visit. As I expected, my invitation was as ceremoniously declined. I at once requested Cherif Pasha to call upon me, and to him I expressed my grievance against

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Madame Cherif, explaining to him that I, having called upon Madame, was placed in a very awkward position by her declining to return my call. That in my country,— etc., etc.

The Pasha was at great pains to explain to me the habits of Oriental women, but I persistently declined to be either enlightened or pacified. I stood upon my claim that I had visited Madame Cherif, and that it was incumbent upon her to return that visit.

After a long and vigorous talk, during which I confess I exhibited almost every quality at a woman's command except humility and courtesy the Pasha capitulated. It was settled that Madame Cherif should visit me. It was also agreed that on the day appointed for her visit all the men of my household should absent themselves, that my house should be guarded by the chief eunuch of Cherif's harem, and that nobody should be present — no guests — only the women of my household.

The talk between Madame Cherif and myself was pleasant in that it was free and unconstrained, yet it was very sad. The unhappy lady fully realised the hopelessness of her posi-

A HELPLESS SORROW

tion. Indeed, she saw it much more clearly than I either could or would. There was infinite pathos in the quiet despair with which she pointed out to me the impossibility of any change in her life.

She was a Turkish subject. The whole question was summed up in that statement; and this woman, whom I had hoped to help and comfort, was forced to try to console me in my helpless sorrow for her. She said there was one thing I could do for her, I could give her a few books. I searched the bookshelves and selected for her Michelet's "Woman," Souvestrie's "Pleasures of Old Age," and Balzac's "Eugénie Grandet." Then we set to work to tear them from their bindings and remove every unnecessary leaf, so that she might the more easily conceal them about her person.

This over, amid hopes that the future might give us the opportunity to meet often, we parted. I never saw Madame Cherif again.

Very soon I learned that the harem of Cherif Pasha had been sent to one of his palaces in the interior. When, on meeting Cherif, I inquired for Madame Cherif, I was told with the most

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ceremonious courtesy that she was quite well, and would shortly return to Cairo, if but for the happiness of again seeing me.

But she never came. I have often wondered if the few printed leaves that had been meant to lighten the darkness of her sad life had been discovered, and been made the means of drawing still closer the chains of her slavery.

CHAPTER XXIII

VERDI'S "AIDA" IN THE CAIRO OPERA-HOUSE — A BLAZE OF JEWELS — A COSMOPOLITAN AUDIENCE

WHILE in Cairo I witnessed the first performance of Verdi's opera, "Aida," the occasion being the opening of the first opera-house that city had ever possessed.

Ismail Pasha, then Viceroy of Egypt, while a good Mussulman, was a great admirer and imitator of all things European, especially of English and French fashions. So, one day, as I have mentioned in an earlier chapter, he determined that he would have an opera-house. But he found, to his vexation, that it was much easier to form this determination than to carry it out.

It was easy enough to obtain plans and estimates,— all these the European schools offered in abundance; but the two almost insuperable difficulties which he encountered were, first to raise the money with which to build; second, to obtain from among the *jellaheen*, labourers

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who could be entrusted with the work. After months of delay the land was obtained and ground broken; and after more and more delay the building was begun.

There would be pauses in the proceedings, sometimes running into months. At last the project was sufficiently advanced to justify the hope that some time in the far future the opera-house might be an established fact, and next Ismail bethought him that it would be a fine and appropriate thing to dedicate the house by the performance in it for the first time of an opera of Oriental plot. Verdi was the composer selected, and "Aida" was the opera settled upon.

Verdi came from Paris and was royally lodged in one of the viceregal palaces during the time occupied by rehearsals, and at the initial performance he conducted in person. The stage presented a positive blaze of light which was reflected from the jewels worn by the artists and chorus.

At the time of this performance the Franco-Prussian War was raging, and the stage jewels and ornaments which had been ordered from Parisian manufacturers could not be obtained,

A BLAZE OF JEWELS

for the reason that the Frenchmen were too busy fighting their German neighbours to give any attention to business. So in this dilemma, and in order that nothing might be lacking to mark the occasion with appropriate splendour, the Viceroy emptied the treasure-chests of his harems and distributed their contents among the persons engaged in the performance.

On that memorable occasion there was displayed on the stage more than three million pounds' worth of gems. In order to protect this vast amount of wealth there were placed among the chorus and "extra" persons a great number of detectives, and it was said at the time, with great pride, that not a stone of the collection was lost. Whether this was a tribute to the honesty of the crowd or to the watchfulness of the detectives did not appear, but the blaze of light and splendour upon the stage was fully reflected back from the audience.

Of course nothing could be seen of the occupants of the viceregal boxes, except an occasional flash of light darting through the *jalousies*, — whether reflected from a gem, or from a pair of glorious dark eyes, who shall say? But the

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audience was magnificent in numbers and dazzling in appearance. The house was packed from floor to ceiling. All the consuls were in full dress, many of them in regalia; and there was a large sprinkling of English, French, and people of other nationalities in uniform, many Greek and Albanian notables in their picturesque costumes, and of course a large proportion of Mussulmans, whose scarlet tarbooshes made patches of brilliant colour throughout the house.

But the women! What words can do justice to the wondrous beauty of their appearance! The soft Cairene climate made possible costumes of the most diaphanous materials, and these costumes were literally encrusted with gems. The heads of these ladies gleamed with gorgeous tiaras, their breasts blazed with collars, necklaces, and *revers* of gems, and the air was heavy with the odours of the flowers with which they were adorned.

When Verdi took his place in the orchestra and waved his baton, he seemed extremely nervous, but as he warmed to his work his nervousness seemed gradually to melt from him, and by the

A GREETING TO VERDI

end of the first act he had himself perfectly in hand. The end of the second act was the signal for such an ovation as would have turned the head of many a master, but Verdi, while his face beamed, and the whole man seemed to vibrate with the pleasure that such a greeting gave him, was throughout quite self-possessed and comparatively calm.

It was a notable event, as introducing modern art in the capital of ancient mysticism, and it deserved all the recognition it received. And too great praise cannot be accorded to Ismail Pasha, a Mohammedan monarch, for the public spirit and appreciation of art he exhibited in producing such a result.

CHAPTER XXIV

EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES — A REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE
— A GREEK DOG — A PRESENT OF MUTTON “ON THE
HOOF” — A BERBER PRINCE — THE RESTORATION OF
A LONG-LOST CHILD

DURING my residence in Egypt I was the recipient of many gifts, some of intrinsic value, but many of them valuable only because of their curious and unique character. One was a drinking-cup and saucer cut from the horn of a young buffalo when the moon was in the third quarter. The legend of this cup was, that if a new-born babe received its first drink from it the child would be blessed with good fortune during its life.

Another gift was a figure of a sacred bull, in green bronze. This had been discovered in the tomb of one of the Pharaohs, where it had lain for more than five thousand years. This ancient treasure I gave to the Rev. Dr. Channing, the American clergyman, an enthusiastic and learned Egyptologist, and for many years

EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES

a resident of London, in which city we met. Our talk naturally turned upon Egypt, and in the course of the distinguished doctor's conversation — a great part of which, I must confess, was indeed "dark as Egypt" to me — he told me how he had for years been seeking the bronze image of a certain sacred bull, which image was needed to complete and verify certain data over which he had spent years of toil and research. I told him of my possession, to which, I acknowledged, I had, up to this time, attached no great importance except to regard it as a unique paper-weight.

I also told him that when the figure was given to me it had been rolled in a strip of papyrus, the whole being enclosed in a piece of the peculiar yellowish, greyish linen in which all mummies and their belongings are preserved. The doctor's excitement during my recital of these details almost passed those bounds of conventionality so carefully preserved in polite society everywhere, but especially in English circles. When I told him that it would give me pleasure to place the whole relic at his disposal, he almost "went to pieces."

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It was settled that I should send the precious "loot" to him the following day, he to send a trusty messenger for it, and by eight o'clock the next morning the messenger arrived. I was greatly pleased to learn, shortly afterward, that Dr. Channing's highest hopes were more than realised. The papyrus gave him the fullest details, and aided him in establishing beyond a peradventure the link of evidence for which he had sought so long and fruitlessly.

Another curious gift which was brought to me was of quite a different sort. It was a Greek dog.

It was not a pretty dog, Greek though it was, and its habits quite put to rout all one's ideas of the beauty and artistic qualities of the Greeks. Dogs are not popular in Egypt. The wild, semi-wolfish creatures — very like coyotes — that infest the country destroy one's sentiment about "old dog Tray," for the Egyptian dog is neither gentle nor kind, and he has a trick of attacking you from behind. The dog's stay among us was limited to that of his donor.

A PRESENT OF MUTTON

But of all the extraordinary gifts to make to a rather quietly disposed woman, commend me to a sheep!

It was on the occasion of some Mohammedan holiday. I was awakened by the confused sounds of many feet upon the veranda, and the sound of many voices all raised at once,— some in praise, some in expostulation, others in stern tones of command, the whole being supplemented at intervals by a loud and plaintive “Ba-a-a!”

After a long and somewhat anxious suspense, the trampling feet and many voices entered the house and made for my bedroom. After due knocking the procession entered, headed by my major-domo, who was a most stately personage, and, having a smattering of every language in the universe, spoke none.

Nicolo was closely followed by Marie, a Maltese maiden, who, I must confess, usually followed Nicolo pretty closely, and bringing up the rear was every man employed about the place, from the cook to the water-carrier.

Trotting in their midst, looking wretched and terrified at his unaccustomed surroundings, was

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an enormous ram. He had evidently been submitted to an elaborate toilet for the occasion, for his fleece was snowy white, and his great, curled horns, and his feathered tail, which swept the ground, were ornamented with blue ribbons.

Marie, also ornamented, like the sheep, with blue ribbons, and tricked out also with "nods and becks and wreathed smiles," stepped forward, having evidently been selected for the honourable position of spokeswoman. In a speech which I understood much better by watching her pantomime than by listening to her lame, polyglot jargon, she begged me to accept this small "ship,"—by which I made out that she meant this enormous ram,—as a proof of regard, love, reverence, etc.

Of course I accepted. What else could I do? I was there in my bed. There was my entire establishment, and there was "de leetle ship." So I patted my gift on the head, and let him place his moist nose in my palm, and duly admired him, and at last, to my very great relief, saw him led away.

Where? I never dared to inquire. I only

A BERBER PRINCE

know that my table, and the tables of several of my neighbours, were all bountifully supplied with mutton for some time. I never could bring myself quite to enjoy that mutton; I could not forget the trusting way in which that "leetle ship" visited me, and had allowed me to pat his curly head, and it didn't seem quite a nice way to treat him, to ——

But let us have in the next course.

The very finest gift I ever received was a prince,— a real, for-true, flesh-and-blood prince.

It happened this way. A party made up of persons whom I knew went in their *dahabeah* up the Nile as far as the Second Cataract, and while in that Upper Egypt country they met a party of marauders who were bringing slaves from the Berber country down to the slave-markets.

They noticed among the slaves a boy about ten years of age, and of singular and striking beauty. He repelled all their attempts to make acquaintance, held himself proudly aloof, and preserved a stern silence and stoical manner fitted more to a man than to the child he was.

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His captors treated him with a rough, dumb sort of consideration, and, while his fellow-slaves were most cruelly and villainously treated, he was passed over and artfully overlooked.

Through their interpreter my friends learned that this child was indeed a prince,— his father was king of a powerful and warlike tribe. The child had been captured in a night attack, and his captors regretted the fact and greatly feared the vengeance which his father would most surely take. So when these travellers offered to buy him their offer was accepted.

But when the bargain was concluded, and the boy was transferred to their *dahabeah*, they did not in the least know what to do with him. He spoke a Berber dialect, and there was not a man on board who could understand him. He refused alike to join the crew “forward” or to associate with the servants; he would sit apart, watching the white people with an expression of amazed curiosity; and from a sort of cavalier respect in his manner toward them he seemed to acknowledge their superiority. When my friends came to Alexandria they sent this child out to me. On obtaining possession of him I

AN EBONY BEAUTY

at once carried out Mr. Dick's advice as to David Copperfield,—I had him bathed.

When he next appeared before me, his beautiful bronze skin shining, his exquisitely formed feet slipped into scarlet pointed slippers, dressed in a white shirt, and with a scarlet sash about his waist, and a tarboosh on his head, I thought him one of the most beautiful objects I had ever seen. And as I look back now, and conjure him before me as he looked then, I still think so. The poor child's solitude, the wrongs inflicted upon him, appealed most strongly to me. I opened my arms. Never shall I forget the flash that seemed to envelop him; for the first and last time I saw his eyes suffuse with tears. With a swift action he sprang toward me, and for an instant only he rested in my arms. Then he slid down to my feet, kissed the hem of my gown, and — never taking his eyes from my face — settled himself into an easy attitude and uttered a brief grunt of content. From that moment his position in the establishment was settled. He belonged to me.

For me he would perform any office; he would fetch and carry; and, by an arrangement en-

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tirely his own, he would stand behind my chair at table, and take from any hand that proffered me anything, and himself hand it to me.

I soon, however, discovered a difficulty,— indeed, there were a good many domestic difficulties consequent upon this child's presence in the household. The particular difficulty which presented itself was his getting anything to eat. He absolutely refused to eat with or in any way to associate with the servants, so I got into the habit of duplicating what I myself ate, and, placing it upon a dish, would give this to my young henchman. He would retire and put it in a place of safety, and when he thought himself quite unobserved he would eat.

We tried him with every Arabic name we had ever heard or heard of, and when we said "Hal-eel" he expressed the greatest delight, so that matter was settled and his name discovered.

He had a quick intelligence, and, unlike most of his race, he had a ready sense of humour. He soon mastered the Arabic that he heard spoken by those about him.

My interest in the boy increased daily, and I determined that I would seize upon any op-

A PRINCE'S GRATITUDE

portunity that might offer to restore him to his family and his rank.

With my and his fragments of Arabic I soon managed to talk quite freely with him, and I imparted my determination to him. His delight was too deep for words; he looked at me with unutterable gratitude, flung himself at my feet, kissed my gown, and disappeared. When he presented himself several hours later, he had evidently been crying, poor child!

Needless to say, I soon ceased to refer to this resolve of mine. Everybody regarded it as a most quixotic notion, entirely impossible of execution. So Haleel and I kept our own counsel.

When strangers visited me, Haleel, who was rarely absent from my side, would scan them, look questioningly at them, and then at me, and when he learned that there was nothing in their visit likely to help our project, he would sigh—a low inward, rather than outward sigh—and disappear. When he reappeared he would always come in smiling and apparently happy, usually with some gift for me,—a captured bird, a basket of figs, or a branch of oranges.

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But one day, oh, day of days for my young prince! there came a man from Upper Egypt, a consular agent who had got himself into trouble and who needed some help and protection that it happened to be in my power to bestow.

I found that he talked the Berber dialect. Haleel spoke to him; they understood each other.

Then there occurred one of the most dramatic scenes I ever witnessed.

At first the man, a large, forbidding-looking creature, questioned Haleel. Haleel replied briefly. As this examination proceeded, the huge man seemed to lose importance, and the child to gain it; and when, in reply to some crowning question, Haleel replied, briefly still, but in ringing tones, evidently making some startling statement, the man, with a great cry, flung himself on the floor before the child and literally grovelled at his feet, while Haleel stood erect with blazing eyes transfigured with majesty.

Details were soon arranged. You may be sure my consular agent was not pressed too

A LOST CHILD RESTORED

hard, the charges against him were pigeon-holed, and with all possible speed his face was turned homeward.

And Haleel, my young prince, my slave, my comrade, my *protege*, was to accompany him, under the most solemn pledge that he would be returned to his father. The doubting Thomases on all hands, especially those who had always considered my project of sending the child back to his home as a huge joke, smiled and shrugged their shoulders, and expressed more incredulity than ever.

But Haleel believed in the consular agent, and I believed in Haleel. The child, in the jargon that he and I had patched up between us, made me understand that the Berber with whom he was going would be only too pleased and proud to return him to his father, for his father was a powerful king and would not only shower gifts upon his child's restorer, but would protect the man's tribe.

I gave Haleel a tiny locket and told him to conceal it, which he promptly proceeded to do by weaving it into the tassel of his *tarboosh*. When he was with his father, and not

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before, he was to give it to the Berber, with instructions to pass it down from hand to hand by any traveller, or sheik, or soldier who was coming to Lower Egypt until it reached me, when I would reward the messenger.

And so Haleel went.

Ah! how many times he turned around when he reached the foot of the hill, and raced back to the terrace where I stood watching him, and flung himself first into my arms and then at my feet, uttering mingled words of sorrow and joy, of love, of gratitude.

Some eighteen months afterward an Arab sheik demanded an audience, and he told the janissary that he brought me a message from Prince Haleel.

First there was a little hamper of straw, then another lesser hamper of some sweet grass, and so on until at last, enclosed in a tiny silver box of cunning workmanship, there lay my locket.

CHAPTER XXV

SIR HENRY BULWER — AMERICAN OFFICERS IN THE KHE-
DIVE'S SERVICE — STONE PASHA — COLONEL THOMAS
W. RHETT — GENERAL SHERMAN — PATRIOTISM MOL-
LIFIED BY OLD ASSOCIATIONS — A MEETING OF ONE-
TIME ENEMIES

WHILE in Egypt I met a number of notable persons. At this moment I remember a gentleman who, in that community at least, was better known for his eccentricities than for his ability as a diplomat. This was Sir Henry Bulwer, brother of Lord Lytton.

Sir Henry was a sort of resident Plenipotentiary Minister Extraordinary for the British Government. To describe his position in a more homely but clearer way, he was appointed to Egypt as a sort of diplomatic "Sister Anne"; and his real duty consisted in keeping a sharp look-out that no movement, however insignificant it might seem to be, that could, however remotely, have an adverse influence upon English interests in Egypt, could take place without his immediate knowledge, and a corre-

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spondingly immediate communication to the home powers.

Sir Henry was an invalid, a valetudinarian, a hypochondriac, and anything else that one could think of that is sour, discontented, and disagreeable. He lived the life of a recluse, his poor health making this a necessity; and when, on the rare occasions he invited one or more guests to dine with him, it was considered more a penance than a pleasure; for his place at table was always banked in with medicine-bottles and pill-boxes, and it was his habit to dose himself with these various drugs between the courses. His only really close friend was a monkey, a hideous little beast, as bad-tempered and ill-conditioned as his master, but with a much better digestion.

The American colony in Egypt of course interested me, and this colony was largely augmented during my stay there through the instrumentality of Ismail Pasha himself.

It had long been the secret wish of Ismail to feel himself able to make a bold stand, throw off the yoke of the Sultan, and declare himself

GENERAL MOTT'S IDEA

an independent sovereign. But to do this, even to attempt it, was out of the question, unless the whole of Lower Egypt could be placed upon a firm war footing.

How to do this was, and for a long time had been, Ismail's great difficulty. An American attached to his Court seemed to have solved the problem for him. This American was Thaddeus P. Mott, a son of Dr. Alexander Mott, of New York, and at the time I refer to—the 'sixties—he was attached to the Khedive's service with the rank of General.

We all remember that at the close of the war between the North and South many of the foremost and best-trained military men in this country, who had stood by their States, went down and were lost with their cause.

General Mott's idea was based upon this fact. He proposed to bring into Egypt some of these distinguished military leaders and employ them to train the Viceroy's troops.

The Viceroy eagerly accepted this plan, and he gave orders to General Mott to carry it into execution. The General returned to the United States to obtain such men as, in his judgment,

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would be most valuable, and of the officers he selected I recall Generals Loring, Rhett, and Stone; Colonels Mason, Purdy, Hunt, Du Chaillu-Long; and many others.

But it is a far cry from America to Egypt. The majority of the officers selected were men of family, and when the war was over they found themselves reduced to penury. In every case it was necessary to advance them money with which to equip themselves and their families for the long trip. Thus, when they arrived in Egypt, they were to a man, deeply in debt to the Government that they had come so far to serve, and they still needed aid to provide their families with homes; so that, however dissatisfied they might feel, they had no freedom of choice, but were obliged to accept any condition that might present itself.

A short time after General Mott's departure, which had been conducted with the utmost secrecy (as was supposed), the Porte received information as to the motive of his journey, and the Viceroy had been made quietly but most convincingly to understand that the present state of his army was perfectly satisfactory,

THE AMERICAN CONTINGENT

and that it was not at all necessary, nor would it be advisable, to introduce any reforms.

The result of all this was that when the American contingent arrived, with high hopes and reawakened ambitions, their hopes were dashed to the ground, and their ambitions died in their hearts.

The generals were reduced to colonels, the colonels to majors, the captains to lieutenants, and so on, and of course with corresponding cuts in their pay.

Of all the American contingent this blow fell most heavily upon Charles P. Stone and Thomas W. Rhett, and the two men received this blow according to their different natures.

General Stone was cool, calm, and self-contained. He was a thorough French scholar, and possessed a remarkable aptitude for the acquisition of languages. As a consequence, in an incredibly brief time he mastered the Arabic tongue. This combination of qualities enabled him to turn his misfortune into success.

Ismail Pasha was himself proficient in French, but before any and everything else he was an Arab to the core of his heart, and the foreigner

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who could talk with him in his beloved native tongue could walk straight into his heart.

And straight into the Viceroy's heart walked General Stone. He received the appointment of chief of staff of the Egyptian army, with the rank and pay of general; fine quarters were assigned to him; and he was in constant personal attendance upon the Viceroy.

General Rhett could not speak French. He spoke only English, but he spoke that most forcibly and unmistakably, and he was much more frank and forcible in the expression of his opinions and of his general dissatisfaction than was politic under the circumstances. The result was that General Rhett's rank was permanently reduced to a colonelcy, and he was officially notified that he could not begin to draw pay until his debt to the Egyptian Government was paid. No duties were given him, and his quarters were inadequate to the needs and the position of himself and his family.

As might have been expected, Rhett succumbed to these repeated blows of fate. He suffered a stroke of paralysis that laid him helpless upon his bed, with his left side dead.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S VISIT

While things were in this state with these two men, there came a distinguished visitor to Egypt, also an American soldier. This was General Sherman, who, in a warship placed at his command by our Government, was making his famous trip around the world.

These three men, Sherman, Rhett, and Stone, had been classmates at West Point.

Of course everybody made much of our great hero, and on all hands there were given dinners, dances, luncheons, and picnics in his honour; and greatly General Sherman enjoyed them.

At many of these functions, official and semi-official, General Sherman met General Stone, but these meetings were merely ceremonious; there was never any cordiality nor any attempt to renew old acquaintance. General Sherman, to the last hour of his life, never relaxed (but in the one instance I shall relate) the rigour of his resentment against those who took part against the Union.

In the midst of the many engagements and distractions consequent upon the presence of General Sherman, I tried not to neglect my friends, the Rhetts. I was sitting one day at

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General Rhett's bedside, endeavouring to entertain him with some account of our distinguished visitor, when, after a rather long pause, he said: "I have never seen Sherman since he and Stone and I were boys together in 'the same class at West Point. Bill Sherman and I used to be mighty chummy then. And now we have drifted away off here, I wonder if he would come and see me? I would like mighty well to shake hands with him."

I had known of the former friendship of these men, and I had watched, with interest, the attitude of Sherman and Stone to each other. Remembering that, and remembering too, the hard, stern lines of Sherman's face, I feared there was little likelihood of poor Rhett's wish being realised. So I remained silent. But I promised myself that it should be tried.

With this purpose steadily before me, and most carefully keeping my own counsel, I not only took advantage of every opportunity that I had of meeting General Sherman, but I made opportunities whenever I could. I did my best to cultivate him, to make him like me, and, as this was the beginning of a friendship with

GENERAL SHERMAN ENTRAPPED

this great man that ended only with his life, I think I may say that I succeeded.

While staying in Cairo I was spending a great deal of time on a *dahabeah* that the Viceroy had placed at my disposal. I gave General Sherman an informal invitation to breakfast with me on board that craft, promising that I would try to give him something like an old-fashioned home breakfast.

The General accepted; the breakfast was nearer to our expectations than I could have dared to hope, and after we had adjourned to the upper deck and the General had lighted his cigar, I opened fire, told him my little story, and made my request. But when I saw the effect I had produced I confess I was frightened.

The General afterward told me that he felt himself fairly — or rather unfairly — entrapped, and he could not remember having ever felt more angry with a woman.

The lines in his face grew hard and cold as ice, and a steely glint came into his eyes. When I saw these things I realised for the first time to what an extent I had committed myself, and had allowed my sympathies to carry away my

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judgment. Somehow my voice failed me, and I am afraid my eloquence rather trailed off.

The General rose, and, looking down upon me with impassive severity, said:

“Madam, I am sorry, but I cannot entertain your request. I am an officer of the United States Army and a loyal citizen of the Republic, — two facts which, in the warmth and zeal of your friendship, you seem to have overlooked. I will never do anything that might in the remotest way give aid or comfort to my country’s enemies.”

As may readily be understood, I was crushed, and if the General had carried out what seemed to be his intention — to turn upon his heel and walk ashore (as I ought to have mentioned the boat was moored),— the matter would have ended there, and General Rhett would have lost his wish; but by a special good fortune he had left his hat in the cabin. When he discovered this, his temper got the better of his dignity, and while he was looking about for his hat he let drop a few *warm* expressions about “rattlesnakes” and “damned rebels.”

I was not slow to take advantage of this

MEETING OLD FRIENDS

lapse. I took his hand and drew him back to his place upon the settee. I begged him to forgive me. I told him that in my wish to serve a friend I had forgotten that I was talking to a great man, the hero of "the March to the Sea." I had just meant to tell "Bill" Sherman, who had been at West Point with "Tom" Rhett when they were both boys, how unfortunate and unhappy poor Tom Rhett was, and had wondered if Bill Sherman wouldn't like to shake hands with him!

By good fortune I struck the right chord. The General forgave me. I was not slow to follow up my advantage, and in less time than it takes to tell it he and I were on our way to Rhett's quarters.

There, after brief, ordinary greetings, the two men were left alone together. Mrs. Rhett and I retired and indulged in a good cry. When, after some time, we were summoned to join them, the eyes of both old soldiers were suspiciously red, and their furrowed faces both bore traces of tears.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE *FELLAHEEN* OF EGYPT—TAXATION—“HOW THE OTHER HALF LIVES” IN THE EAST — A BEDOUIN FAMILY AT RAMLEH — AN ARAB MOTHER-IN-LAW — MARRIAGE À LA MODE

Now that Egypt is virtually under English rule, the condition of the lower classes may be a shade better than when I lived there, some thirty years ago. Then the country was a mere dependency of Turkey, and its sovereign was, as his title indicated, the slave of the Sultan.

There were but two native classes — the rich and titled, and the labourers, and the gulf which divided those two classes was deep and impassable. There was an utter absence of a prosperous middle class. All the trade enterprise of the country was in the hands of foreigners.

Of the native population, only those attached to the Court and high in favour would care to own to the possession of much of this world's

THE FELLAHEEN OF EGYPT

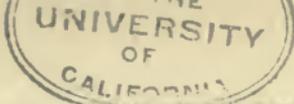
goods. Anything more deplorable than the condition of the *fellaheen*, or labouring class, cannot be imagined. Of home, its comforts, possessions, beauties, they knew absolutely nothing. A mud hut, with a hole for entrance and exit, a straw mat, a *goolah* to contain water, which is dipped from the river, and an iron pot, would fairly represent their worldly possessions. A single garment of indigo-blue cotton cloth, with a white cotton skull-cap, several yards of soft, white cotton cloth, and a red *tarboosh*, would customarily summarise their wardrobe. The blue cotton garment — a sort of compromise between a nightshirt and a butcher's smock — was the sole covering for the body. The other articles served to cover the head, for, however scarce the Mussulman's body-garments may be, his head is always warmly clad.

But let it not for a moment be supposed that the establishment which I have described is carried on free of expense. The rent for the mud-hole is rigorously demanded and collected. The food, usually bought ready cooked from a vender sitting in squalid rags on some

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corner, with one eye on the steaming pot beside him, and the other zealously watching for customers, is never obtained without much screaming and haggling and bargaining.

The head of a family living thus may, with much secrecy and economy, have managed in the course of many months to accumulate a few coins, an indiscriminate collection of copper and silver, and possibly, but not probably, a few gold coins of every nation under the sun. These, carefully concealed in an earthen vessel, will be hidden somewhere under the earthen floor of the hut. I often heard that a good Mussulman's hoard was almost sure to be found not far from the spot where he usually offered up his prayers. He might be saving this hoard for some special and highly coveted purpose,—perhaps to buy from her parents some dark-eyed maiden upon whom his eyes had rested, and whom he desired to add to the number of his already numerous wives. Or even a more solemn and sacred motive may have urged him. Perhaps he looked forward to that highest hope of the good Mohammedan, a pilgrimage to Mecca, the



GOVERNMENT BAKSHEESH

accomplishment of which hope would confer upon him, on his return, the right to wear a green turban, and to paint green the lintel-posts of his hut, if he had one.

Whatever might be his motive for the collection of this little hoard, his possession of it would be very short-lived if there happened to arise any sudden desire or necessity for *baksheesh* on the part of the government. This *baksheesh* would be called taxes, and the occasions for the collections of taxes were numerous and arose from many causes.

Possibly the Sultan wished to replenish his seraglio with some fresh Georgian beauties, a carefully selected bunch of whom had just reached Constantinople in the charge of some venerable sheik. They came high, but the Sun of the Universe wanted them, and perhaps the exchequer was low. In this crisis, what so natural as that the Sun should communicate his wishes to his faithful satellite, the Viceroy of Egypt? The Viceroy would at once be impressed with the thought that the public interest must be conserved, the exchequer must be replenished, and the *jellaheen* must be taxed.

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The consular agents of the Egyptian Government throughout the country would be notified that at a certain time the duly authorised agents would arrive to receive from their hands a specified amount, such amount to be regulated by the number of miserable wretches existing in whichever little village might be in point.

Then would begin the collection, conducted by a small military force on one side, and the howling, writhing, screaming populace on the other, the ceremony usually ending with a pretty general administering of the bastinado, the result of which would be the production of hoards from various hiding-places.

A great stretch of sand divided my house at Ramleh from the Mediterranean, and on this patch of sand a Bedouin family set up their roof-tree, which consisted of a tiny tent, composed of parti-coloured rags, stretched over three crooked sticks. This wretched little shelter, with its poverty, would have put to shame any Indian tepee I ever saw on the plains. The family consisted of the father, mother, and twenty sons. I should rather say

AN ARAB MOTHER-IN-LAW

mother, father, etc., for the old lady was undeniably the head of the house. Nineteen of the twenty sons were married and lived elsewhere; but now one and now another of them would come to visit their parents, and they always brought with them a few wives and a small regiment of children.

These visits were of irregular length, and were usually brought to a somewhat abrupt end in the midst of an animated discussion between the visiting wives and the resident mother-in-law, during which the former guests would hastily depart down the hill in an irregular double-quick, to an accompaniment of shrill anathema, empty tin cans, and other missiles flung after them by the irate old lady.

The apple of her eye, the light of her life, her youngest son, was a tall, grand-looking young bronze standing six foot three. He lived with his parents and was unmarried, but had recently fallen in love with a comely little dusky maiden of about fourteen years of age, and after many meetings, and much warm discussion, haggling, and bargaining between the parents of the pair, the price of the bride was

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settled upon, and the time of the wedding was fixed. The preparations were of an unusually extensive and elaborate character, and were carried on with great activity. The old lady made frequent pilgrimages from home, remaining absent for several days, leading one to suspect that, in the words of *Fagin*, she was going "on the prowl." Sometimes her husband would meekly and unprotestingly make a weak attempt to accompany her on these little expeditions, but the old lady promptly frowned down such attempts, using her usual methods of persuasion,—any missile within easy reach as she stood on the brow of the sandhill. The old gentleman would quietly turn about, re-enter the tent, and address himself to his needlework, for evidently to him was entrusted the making of the trousseau.

At last the wedding night arrived. The bride was glittering with coins, the air was rent with twanging, moaning, squeaking sounds that passed for music, and voices arose in chant. Hands were joined in a simple, swaying movement that passed for dancing, and all went merrily. Suddenly I was summoned to re-

MARRIAGE A LA MODE

ceive my neighbour, the head of the family. The old lady was greatly embarrassed, and, as she stood in the moonlight, with her bare, brown legs showing under her simple blue garment,—in fact she was quite *decollete* at both ends,—and with her elf-locks, coloured with henna, fluttering in the soft, night air, she was a model of *Meg Merrilies*.

The occasion of her visit was to tell of a disaster. At this late hour it was discovered that no sugar had been provided with which to sweeten the sherbet. The family stores were promptly placed before her, and she was bidden to help herself. She selected the brown, moist sugar, drew up her solitary garment until she had formed it into an impromptu bag, filled this with sugar, overwhelmed us with thanks and blessings, and went on her way rejoicing.

CHAPTER XXVII

BACK TO THE STAGE — SHOOK & PALMER AND THE UNION
SQUARE THEATRE, NEW YORK — CHARLES THORNE —
DION BOUCICAULT — “LED ASTRAY” — “BLOW FOR
BLOW” — MARIE WILKINS

WHEN I came back to America, about 1872 or 1873, I had no intention of ever returning to the stage; I do not know that I had any settled purpose one way or the other. As I had gone to Europe and the East because the shaping of my life drew me there, so I came home when fate called me.

And very gladly I obeyed that call, for I had yearned and wearied for my home; but when I found myself at home once more my life was such a full and busy one that it seemed there was no room in it for more work; and for that reason I concluded that my life as an actress was ended.

But then, as always, the stage was my loyal, faithful, wise friend; much wiser for me, and much kinder to me, than I have ever been to myself. Thus it fell out that after I had thought

MY RETURN TO THE STAGE

my stage career was ended I did my highest and my best dramatic work; playing for the first time, among other parts, *Lady Macbeth*, *Cleopatra*, *Hermione*, *Rose Michel*, *Gabrielle Le Brun*, *Felicia*, and *Miss Multon*.

My return to the stage was brought about by the wishes and through the offers of the then leading American managers, Lester Wallack, Augustin Daly, and Shook & Palmer.

As my old friends as well as my former managers, Lester Wallack and Augustin Daly both called upon me and made me tempting offers to join their forces. While I was considering under which banner I should enroll myself, A. M. Palmer, of the firm of Shook & Palmer, managers of the Union Square Theatre, called, and, on behalf of his partner and himself, made me an equally flattering offer.

Shook & Palmer and their theatre were alike strangers to me, but Sheridan Shook was a protégé of my old friend, Thurlow Weed, and Thurlow Weed threw the weight of his influence in favour of the Union Square Theatre, and to the Union Square Theatre I went.

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That theatre had then been but recently lifted from the variety to the legitimate standard, and the company occupying the stage at that time was acting a piece adapted from the French play called "Le Centenaire."

The play in which I first appeared was "The Geneva Cross," a four-act drama founded upon the Franco-Prussian War, written by George Fawcett Rowe. I played *Gabrielle Le Brun* and Charles Thorne played *Riel Dubourg*.

Ah! that Charles Thorne! He was a good, strong, virile actor; but he was also an inveterate and adroit "guyer," and it was no simple matter, after he became easy in his lines, to play a serious scene with him. For instance, in a most dramatic situation in "The Geneva Cross," I was called upon to say to him, "Who are you?" and he ought to have answered heroically, "I am Riel Dubourg." What he did say was, "I am the pie-biter of Surinam."

The next play in which I acted was the old blank-verse drama, "Love's Sacrifice," I playing *Margaret Elmore*. This part was one that

UNION SQUARE REHEARSALS

I had often played when I was associated with Wallack and Davenport, J. W. Wallack playing *Matthew Elmore* and E. L. Davenport playing *St. Lo*. The piece was put on at the Union Square only because "Led Astray," then in course of preparation was not ready; and the intention was to run it for only one week, by which time it was calculated that "Led Astray" would be ready. But "Love's Sacrifice" played to such unexpectedly good business that it was kept on for several weeks.

During all this time we continued to rehearse "Led Astray," and the result of these long-continued rehearsals was that the first performance was as smooth and as well rounded and in every respect as satisfactory as was the last performance after a continuous run of six months.

These rehearsals were conducted by Dion Boucicault, who had translated and adapted the piece from "La Tentation," I think, of Octave Feuillet, and they were equal to a liberal dramatic education.

The play was like a child whose growth one can mark from day to day. Boucicault did

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not edit it with a pair of scissors and a paste-pot, but he corrected it with a note-book and a pencil.

There were in the company one or two persons who could, on occasion, say some rather bright things. "These things to hear" would Dion Boucicault "seriously incline"; but while the company laughed at them at the moment and forgot them the next, not so the astute Dion; he would either pass them by apparently without notice, or with a grave expression of disapproval at our levity in such a serious moment.

But the next morning, at a place in the dialogue where one of these quips could be used with profit, our mentor would pause, as if a thought had just struck him, and say, "Stop a bit," and out would come that little note-book, "Just say, instead of so-and-so,"— and then he would read, as a quite fresh thought, some child of wit that had been born at the previous day's rehearsal.

When this first occurred, the quiet coolness of the transaction somewhat took away our breath; but afterward we used rather to await

"LED ASTRAY"

with interest the advent of these little waifs. But never did any one venture to intimate to the great dramatist that this little trick of annexation had been observed.

And Dion Boucicault *was* a great man,—great if only in his power to assimilate the work of others, and, clothing it in the graceful garb of his own charming words, make the world forget that it had ever had a previous existence.

During the half-year run of "Led Astray" there occurred many incidents, unimportant in themselves, but which were all factors in keeping things lively and active among us. I myself never had any admiration for either the play or for my part in it. I had conceived this rather unfavourable opinion on my first reading of the manuscript, and the favour with which both the play and my part in it were received never had the effect of changing my verdict.

Indeed, my low estimate of my part was so clear that I said to both Mr. Palmer and Mr. Boucicault that if I succeeded in getting anything out of the part the credit would be due rather to me than to Mr. B.; and the fact that

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many excellent actresses, from time to time, essayed the part, and not one of them ever achieved any success in it, would seem to go far to prove that, so far at least, my judgment was correct.

I think my success was due, not to any super-excellent work on my part, but only because I was fortunate in catching its keynote, which was essentially minor. Throughout the play the character was negative. More than any part I have ever played, it demanded repose, enforced repose. During the entire action *Armande* is called upon to do nothing, but to do it well.

Despite my slighting estimate of *Armande*, it is only justice to her to acknowledge that she brought me great store of popularity; and I believe that this popularity was very largely due to a little verse that I was called upon to read.

It ran thus:

“I have another life I long to meet,
Without which life my life is incomplete.
O sweeter self! like me, art thou, astray,
Trying, like me, to find the way to mine;
Trying, like me, to find the breast
On which alone can weary heart find rest?”

A POPULAR STANZA

Boucicault settled upon this verse only after trying many others, and I believe it was original. One morning he handed me a copy of it, saying: "Try this; let us see how it goes." My reading of the lines caught his fancy, and they went; and I believe there never was a stanza of poetry that sprang into such instantaneous popularity. Wherever one happened to go, or to be, one was quite sure to hear, "I have another life," etc.

I was inundated with requests for autographed copies. I believe, if an accounting could be made, it would be found that these lines outnumber any other stanza of verse in the autograph albums of the country. Even to-day I am often asked for a copy of them.

I must confess that I have never felt any admiration for the lines. I think them forced and artificial. But they have lived, and they will live when better verse is forgotten.

In gossiping in this way about work done and undone at rehearsal, I am reminded of something that happened to a play at Wal-

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lack's Theatre while I was there with Wallack and Davenport.

There was cast and put into rehearsal a play called "Blow for Blow," written by Henry J. Byron, who at that time was very popular in London. Lester Wallack had seen the piece there, and had secured it for his theatre, expecting that in New York it would repeat its London success.

To Wallack, Davenport, and myself were assigned the leading parts. At the reading of the play we three were unanimous that there was nothing in it. Study and rehearsal of the parts served only to strengthen and crystallise this opinion, and we entered upon our work very half-heartedly.

Lester Wallack, as was his custom, directed the rehearsals. Davenport, Wallack, and — I am bound to confess — myself also, would, *sotto voce*, interpolate between our lines divers remarks, editorial, critical, and slighting, regarding the play, and we enjoyed our own comedy much more than the author's.

Wallack, who had a rare sense of humour and a ready wit, often had great difficulty in

LEVITY REBUKED

repressing his desire to laugh; and once or twice we were too much for him, and he would, sorely against his will, join in our merriment; but he would instantly recover himself, "pull himself together," call everybody to order, and continue the rehearsal with renewed rigour and severity. Sometimes he would sternly rebuke us for this levity in business, and remind us of the bad example which we were setting the rest of the company; and once or twice he fell into a positive rage, and spoke very sharply of our neglect of duty.

During a week or ten days of continuous rehearsals this state of things continued, when one morning, after a repetition of one of these interludes, Lester gave some order in a low tone to the call-boy, who went to each of us in turn, collected the parts, and laid them on the prompt-table.

Lester, with great deliberation, made a neat parcel of the manuscript and parts, tied it up, and, putting it under his arm, lifted his hat, and bidding us a ceremonious good-morning marched off the stage and out of the theatre, leaving everybody present, but especially we

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three culprits, looking blankly at each other. We never heard of "Blow for Blow" again.

But to return to the Union Square Theatre and "Led Astray."

Charles Thorne was genial, witty, and amusing; but he could give a joke in better spirit than he could take one, and because of this, and for other reasons, he and I had many a tilt.

One of these was occasioned by his addressing me by my Christian name. Now, while I have a great liking to be addressed without the conventional "Miss" or "Mrs.," familiarity of personal address with the Christian name only, except among members of a family or very close friends, has always been distasteful to me. So, taking Thorne aside, I mentioned my feeling in the matter, and begged him to avoid a repetition of the offence.

He took great umbrage at this, and blustered out, "Oh, very well! If you are so mighty particular, I won't speak to you at all!" I, being quite as peppery as he was, retorted, "Just as you please." And so for about six

CHARLES THORNE

weeks, though we acted together, we never spoke to each other in our own persons.

One night, as I entered the greenroom, Thorne, who was already there, said to me, "How do you do, Mrs. Siddons?" Whereupon I replied, "Quite well, thank you, John Philip Kemble." He glanced at me, and a smile peeped out from behind a scowl, and, walking over to me, he held out his hand and said, "Rose Eytonge, shake!" I "shook," and peace was restored between us.

Notwithstanding the great success I achieved as *Armande Chandoce*, I never had any liking or respect for her, especially objecting to a speech which she had in the last act. It was so replete with "sweetness and light," and breathed such a spirit of humility and submission, that I found it rather insipid.

One night, on my saying something about this, Thorne said, "If you object so much to that speech, let us hear to-night what you would like to say." Nothing daunted, I replied, "I will," and when I got my "cue" I did. I concluded a speech which in sentiment was exactly the opposite of the author's idea with

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these words, "And remember, dear, while you may feel that you owe much to your husband, you must always remember that you owe something to yourself."

For once, Thorne, who was given to doing and saying all sorts of irrelevancies, was beaten at his own game; and he was taken so completely by surprise that it was with the greatest difficulty that he recovered himself and took up the scene.

You may be sure that when the curtain fell I made excellent time to my dressing-room.

I have no word of excuse or extenuation to offer for my conduct. I have only to acknowledge that I richly deserved the "talk" that Mr. Palmer afterward bestowed upon me.

It was an unusual thing for Mr. Palmer to interfere in any way with the work on the stage; he had surrounded himself with a company in whose work both he and the public had the fullest confidence, and he let them alone. Occasionally, however, some one or other of us had to be "pulled up" for carelessness, and that one was very likely to be myself.

DION BOUCICAULT

In "Led Astray," six months are supposed to elapse between the first and second acts. One night — I suppose I was feeling ill, or tired — I omitted to change my costume between these acts. At the close of the act Mr. Palmer met me, quite as if by accident. He stopped me for a moment's chat, and then said suavely, and as if he were paying me a compliment, "That is such a charming costume, and it wears so well too! Why, you have worn it six months."

I do not remember to have seen Dion Boucicault behind the scenes or on the stage during the long run of his play. The last rehearsal and the first performance were both so satisfactory that there was none of that cutting out, pulling together, and smoothing of rough places usually found necessary. But I remember with pleasure that on the hundredth performance he sent me a gracious letter of thanks for my work, accompanying it with a beautiful and valuable bracelet.

I think it was while we were playing "Led

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Astray" that Thorne had some difference of opinion with a brother actor relative to some business during the scene upon which the curtain had just fallen. The argument waxing warm, Mrs. Marie Wilkins rushed between the belligerents and attempted to soothe their excitement.

Now Marie Wilkins presented a fine, broad front; she was one of those women of whom it has been aptly said that their figures were "not lost, but gone before," and, Thorne becoming momentarily more tumultuous, his adversary prudently took refuge behind Mrs. Wilkins and continued the quarrel over her shoulder. Whereupon some one remarked that he had sought sanctuary behind the bulwarks of old England.

I could chat about "Led Astray" and the happenings among the men and women who played in it almost indefinitely, for they formed a very interesting group. But the affairs of a company which is thrown together for a long time, as was this, are like those of a family, and, as is the case with the doings of a family, they

STAGE AFFAIRS

would not interest the general public. We had our friendships and our feuds, our confidences and our cabals, our tricks and our jokes, our quarrels and our makings up.

CHAPTER XXVIII

“THE TWO ORPHANS” — “THE LADY OF LYONS” — GEORGE RIGNOLD — “ROSE MICHEL” — STEELE MACKAYE — JOHN PARSELLE AND CHARLES THORNE — TOM TAYLOR

IF my memory serves me, the next important production that followed “Led Astray” at the Union Square Theatre was “The Two Orphans.” As this play contains two leading-woman parts, *Henriette* and *Louise*, and as I was the leading woman of the theatre, I could not see my way to appearing in the play.

My decision caused Mr. Palmer a good deal of chagrin, and many talks between us resulted therefrom. At last a compromise was reached. I consented to play *Marianne* for the first fortnight, that the cast might have the strength of my name.

The play ran for six months, and for the whole of that period I walked about, drawing my salary, and doing nothing. This was not

"THE LADY OF LYONS"

necessary, for I was quite willing to take a vacation and fill my time with other enterprises, but Mr. Palmer persistently declined to entertain any proposal to release me from his company.

One offer that I received was particularly tempting. Lester Wallack wanted to produce "Lady Clancarty," and to engage me to play the title-rôle. He opened negotiations to obtain my services, but——

I do not remember having taken part in any performance during that time, save one, when A. M. Palmer, my manager, and Harry Palmer, George Rignold's manager, joined in giving a double-star holiday performance of "The Lady of Lyons." I played *Pauline*, and Rignold *Claude*. The occasion was a Thanksgiving, and the place the Academy of Music, Brooklyn.

On the night of the performance I went to the dressing-room on the stage, the one which I had occupied on every previous occasion when I had played at that house. I found Mr. Rignold's servant in possession. Feeling quite

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sure that this was through some mistake on the part of the man, I sent to Mr. Rignold to inquire. My surmise was correct, and Mr. Rignold promptly placed the dressing-room at my disposal.

But when I next saw Charles Thorne I was overwhelmed with the assurances of his admiration and approval for the stand which I had taken in forcibly ejecting the burly British Thespian from his stronghold in the disputed dressing-room,—whether at the point of the sword or with a broom, I was not informed.

In vain I protested that nothing of the sort had occurred. Thorne had his own version of the circumstance, which had really been no circumstance at all. But it was a good story, and I was covered with partisan and patriotic glory which I in no way merited.

About this time I decided to go on a starring tour in preference to remaining longer at the Union Square; but Mr. Palmer was very averse to my withdrawing from his theatre, and, as an inducement for me to remain, he offered to secure a piece in which I should play the

JOHN PARSELLE

title-rôle, and which, at the end of its New York run, I could use as a vehicle in starring.

After a good deal of difficulty and delay, "Rose Michel" was settled upon. The next step was to obtain a good translation and adaptation of the play. Several versions were made, but not approved, until at last Steele Mackaye essayed the work, and his version was accepted.

Then began the rehearsals. Steele Mackaye conducted them. Thorne played the young hero, the *Count de Vernay*, and John Parselle played the *Baron de Marsan*.

Parselle was a very valuable actor, but by no means a brilliant one. He was a handsome old man, with a fine manner and a dignified bearing, and he had an excellent quality in an actor,—a knack of wearing the costume of the period of any play in which he might be cast, as if he had worn that particular style of dress all his life. The stately garments of the period of Louis XV suited him admirably, and he presented a most picturesque and dignified picture. He had passed his novitiate in the theatres of London and Edinburgh, and

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had the additional advantage of being thoroughly familiar with the French stage. He was a great stickler for the etiquette of the stage, and for a strict adherence to its traditions.

Thorne was a social and dramatic iconoclast, and he had no respect for either etiquette or tradition. His great scene occurred in the third act,—indeed the scene had been written especially for him,—and in its setting there appeared a small desk and one particular chair, which were used by Thorne.

Although Parselle did not use either of these articles of furniture, he argued that their place on the stage had a very important bearing on his “business” in the scene. Morning after morning, at precisely the same juncture, there would occur between Thorne and Parselle, with many and various changes of language, precisely the same argument. Thorne would have the chair here; Parselle would have it there. Each would claim, from his own standpoint, that his was the only just demand. As Thorne grew warm, Parselle grew cool, and I cannot recall that the burning question was ever settled. Up to the very first performance, and

STEELE MACKAYE

even after, the quarrel was resumed nightly, with no perceptible result that I ever discovered, except to afford me many a sly smile.

The rehearsals of "Rose Michel" were more heavy and serious than had been those of "Led Astray," and as Dion Boucicault had directed the rehearsals of the latter play, so Steele Mackaye directed those of the former.

Steele Mackaye was a man of extraordinary and exceptional brilliancy, and among the multiplicity of subjects to which he had given attention, the drama held a leading place. He was a master of all dramatic work, and, as an ardent disciple of Delsarte it was he who introduced the Delsarte system into the United States. He thoroughly understood the art of acting, but he could not act.

This fact was demonstrated many times; as a matter of fact it was very clearly manifested every time he went upon the stage; but I am convinced that it was a fact of which he himself had no suspicion, and, although failure inevitably followed his every attempt to act, I do not believe that he ever for one moment

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attributed those misfortunes to his own ineffective work.

One of the most signal of these failures was his endeavour in London, to play the leading part in Tom Taylor's drama of "Arkright's Wife."

Tom Taylor and Steele Mackaye were warm friends, and Taylor was greatly pleased when negotiations were completed which brought about this result. Now, at last, Taylor was about to enjoy the satisfaction, so dear to the dramatist, of seeing all his ideas realised and carried out to the very minutest detail.

The first performance found Taylor early in his place in the stalls, eager with anticipative delight. Mackaye began his work. As the first act proceeded, Taylor's face began to lengthen, and he projected himself farther and farther forward in his chair, quite oblivious of the backward glances of annoyance that were being flashed at him by the occupant of the stall immediately in front of him.

The longer Mackaye went on, the deeper and darker grew Taylor's vexation and disappointment; and the more vexed he became, the more

MACKAYE'S STAGE DIRECTION

unconsciously he flung himself forward, until he was seen to be merely hanging on to the back of the chair in front of him, and was heard to mutter in gruesome, grinding tones: "Idiot! Idiot! purblind, doddering idiot!"

But while it must be confessed that Steele Mackaye could not act himself, he knew all about acting, and his stage direction was most masterly. He was very nervous and excitable. So was I. I had made a close study of the part of *Rose Michel*; in fact I had devoted myself to it so closely that I became in a way permeated with it.

At some crucial moment in a scene Mackaye would interrupt me, a circumstance which for the time would chill my enthusiasm and paralyse my efforts. While we were both, of course, working up to one end, we were, of necessity, working on parallel lines, and therefore it was not possible for us to meet at any point. This condition of things led to friction between us many times. There came a day when a crisis was reached. I laid the part upon the prompt-table, and, telling Mackaye that as it was impossible for both of us to play the part, and he

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did not seem willing to permit me to perform it, I thought it would be better that he should play it himself,— and so marched off the stage.

Before I had time to leave the theatre I was “headed off” by my managers, Messrs. Shook & Palmer. Mackaye was sent for, and we four had a “pow-wow.” The result of it was that Mackaye bound himself not to interrupt the rehearsals with corrections or suggestions to me, but to make notes of anything in my work of which he did not approve, and submit them to me afterward, when I was to accept them, or give him good and sufficient reasons for not doing so.

This arrangement was strictly adhered to, but, greatly to my surprise, there were no notes, and the rehearsals proceeded rapidly and smoothly.

The night of the first performance I was greatly wrought up. Mackaye was in a stage-box. I knew that I played *Rose Michel* well. There were too many persons who said so then, and who have said so since, for there to be any doubt about the matter; but I also know that I never played the part so well as I did

STEELE MACKAYE'S NATURE

at that first performance. But Steele Mackaye's was the first individual voice which poured into my eagerly listening ears the libation of praise for which my soul was thirsting.

At the close of the second act, after I had said "Thank you" many times to my great body of friends in front, as I left the stage I found him awaiting me in the entrance. There he stood,—

— "all his visage wanned,
Tears in his eyes, distraction in 's aspect,
A broken voice," —

and with both hands held out to me he said: "Can you ever forgive me for ever having presumed to offer you a suggestion?"

I tell this incident, not in order that I may vindicate my claim to a better understanding of the character of *Rose Michel* than his had been, but as a tribute to the nobility and generosity of Steele Mackaye's nature.

That same night I received another testimonial to the worth of my performance, but of quite a different sort. The third act of "Rose Michel" is the *Count de Vernay's*. As a mat-

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ter of fact it was arranged to placate Thorne and to give him an opportunity for a strong scene as I have stated above. At first the intention was to leave me out of the act, an arrangement to which I gave my heartiest assent, for it would have given me time to rest, and "pull myself together" for the two last acts. Later, however, it was decided that I should appear in this act, but with very little to do; I was merely to come on for a brief scene at the beginning and be on for the curtain at the end. I saw a possibility for some very effective work in this entrance, though I had nothing to say. I availed myself of this opportunity. At the end of the act Thorne looked gloomily at me, and said in rueful tones, "It's no use, she hogged the whole persimmon!"

CHAPTER XXIX

STARRING — BUYING EXPERIENCE — THE WEST — BEN DE
BAR — “BOB” MILES — MRS. JOHN DREW — THE LITH-
OGRAPH QUESTION — A SANDWICH MAN

AT the close of the run of “Rose Michel” at the Union Square Theatre — it lasted about half a year — I went starring with the piece, and never did wight embark upon an enterprise worse equipped and less fitted to carry it to successful issue than was I. I am sorry to be obliged to confess that I am — always have been, and, I fear, always will be — a very poor business woman. I know nothing of figures but figures of speech.

With the exception of some intermittent weeks some years previously, I had had no experience of starring, and at that time I had not been called upon to look after any details of the business. Augustin Daly, then himself a young manager, had always taken entire charge of the business. All that I had ever been called upon to do was to go to, at the appointed time, the city and the theatre in which

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the engagement was to be played, rehearse the piece with the regular stock company, play my own part, and at the close of the engagement receive from Mr. Daly a nice little pot of money.

Therefore in this, my first independent business, and one in which I was thrown entirely upon myself, I was victimised on every hand, and by nearly every one with whom my business relations brought me in contact. I had about me only strangers, and they were all far too busy looking out for opportunities to advance their own interests to devote any time or thought to mine. I was so entirely ignorant of all the details of starrng that I did not even know what percentages I had a right to demand, and so I went groping and stumbling on, buying my experience, and paying for it at a pretty high figure.

Notwithstanding all these crippling circumstances, however, my tour with "Rose Michel" was very successful in both an artistic and a pecuniary sense. At the end of the season I was not only many thousands of dollars richer in money, but far, far richer in recognition of artistic merit and in admirers of my work. I

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was pleased, too, with the opportunity afforded me by my travelling, of seeing my own country. Up to this time I had never been farther West than Buffalo and Canada, and the bustling, rushing, hurrying cities and towns of the great West filled me with wonder and admiration,—a wonder and an admiration that have increased with years and experience. Since that first Western journey I have crossed the Atlantic many times and have lived in Europe, but my experience of other lands has only increased my patriotic love of my own, and I always feel thankful for the inestimable boon of being an American woman.

During this my first starring season I met a few of the old representative actor-managers. One of these was Ben De Bar, then managing his own theatre in St. Louis. Both poor De Bar and his theatre were at this time falling somewhat into desuetude, and but for the energy infused into the business by John Norton, who was at this time De Bar's stage-manager, things would have gone ill indeed with both theatre and visiting stars.

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The stock company was extremely poor, and when, in a talk with De Bar, in the course of which I was pretty severe in my criticism of some of its members, the old man scratched his head, looked ruefully at me, and said: "Well, what is a manager to do? Somebody must have these people." I learned the secret of the downfall of De Bar's Theatre and the dissipation of its owner's fortunes. He allowed his heart to rule his head.

Another old-time manager whom I met during that season was R. E. G. Miles, better known as "Bob" Miles, of Cincinnati. He, too, was a great-hearted, genial, good-tempered man, the friend of his actors; indeed, in those days of the actor-manager there was a freemasonry of friendship and comradeship between manager and company which would be impossible to find in these days of syndicate and speculator.

During this season, and for several following seasons, I played at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, under the management of Mrs. John Drew. It was, without exception, the

THE LITHOGRAPH QUESTION

best-conducted, cleanest, most orderly and most all-around comfortable theatre that I ever acted in. Of Mrs. Drew herself, eulogy from me is not necessary. She was a woman whom it was an honour for a fellow-woman to call a friend.

It was during an engagement at Mrs. John Drew's theatre that I was brought face to face with the lithograph question. The stage entrance was, as is the case with the majority of theatres, up a dark and more or less noisome alley, on which opened the side entrance to a drinking-place. As I was passing up this alley-way the first evening of my engagement, I was greeted by the sight of my pictured face looking down upon me from the window of the afore-said "shebeen." Filled with indignation and disgust, I at once sent for my business manager. He had not yet arrived. Some one about the theatre mentioned to Mrs. Drew that I was evidently much disturbed about something, and she came to my dressing-room to inquire about the matter. On being told, she drew her chair in front of me, sat down, looked at me with her calm, quizzical expression, and

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said: "My dear, don't be a fool; we will all be obliged to come to it, and God knows where we will next see ourselves pictured. But wherever it may be, we will have to submit."

I remember with much pleasure the production of "Rose Michel" as arranged by Mrs. Drew at her theatre. The third act of the piece represents the *salon* of a ducal *chateau* of the period of Louis XV. The hangings of the scenes and the covering of the various couches, divans, and chairs were of pale blue, covered with white lace. Every article of furniture was of white and gold, and strictly correct as to period. And I may mention, as an evidence of her excellent management, that all this furniture was made in the property-room of the theatre, and the apparently rich lace used for the hangings was picked out from old lace curtains that from time to time had been retired from active service.

On more than one occasion I found that being a star and at the head of one's own company carried with it many cares, responsibili-

THE SANDWICH MAN

ties, and annoyances that made life much harder than it was to be a member of a well-ordered, regular stock company in a metropolitan theatre.

But it was not all work and no play. Indeed it would go hard with me if I could not find occasional oases of fun while threading my way through the desert of daily work.

One night, during a most touching scene between *Rose Michel* and her young daughter, a scene in which both audience and myself usually mingled our tears, I was from time to time disturbed, and greatly surprised, to find myself interrupted by ripples of laughter. Holding myself as well in hand as was possible, I tried to continue the scene, but a pretty simultaneous peal of laughter, a little louder than any which had preceded it, sent me all to pieces. I raised my eyes and looked into the audience to try to discover the cause of this ill-timed mirth. I found it. Sitting conspicuously in the middle of the orchestra was a redundantly stout person, who for his greater ease had removed his coat and waistcoat. He, at least, was paying full tribute to the pathos of the

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scene; his face was a picture of woe, great tears were rolling down his cheeks, and they fell where they listed, for both his hands were occupied holding an immense sandwich, which at frequent intervals he lifted to his mouth. As he helped himself to a huge bite, it would have been difficult to decide which he enjoyed most,—his sorrow or his sandwich. Need I say that my sorrow was for the time quite forgotten?—and I joined in the general mirth, and the scene was brought to an abrupt conclusion.

I remember at this moment a thing which my business manager told me, showing a rather quaint form for admiration to take. After the manner of business managers he was standing in the “front” as the audience filed out after a *matinee*, and overheard this bit of dialogue:

Mother (an old lady).— I never want to see that actress, Rose Eytinge, again.

Daughter (an elderly woman).— Why, mother, you said you liked her.

Mother.— I do! I love her. She is a great actress. But — I’ve got trouble enough at home.

CHAPTER XXX

THE CALIFORNIA THEATRE, SAN FRANCISCO — JOHN MCCULLOUGH — *JULIA* — *LADY MACBETH* — *CAMILLE* — MARY ANDERSON — “EAST LYNNE”

AT the close of my regular season I conceived a rather wild scheme to play “across country.” I was under engagement to play a four weeks’ starring engagement at the California Theatre, San Francisco, under the management of John McCullough, opening, if I remember rightly, in August. My supporting company was to continue with me to some point west of the Mississippi River, after which I was to proceed alone to San Francisco, breaking my journey with a two weeks’ engagement at Salt Lake City.

My four weeks in San Francisco was a delightful experience in every particular. The theatre was as nearly perfect as it is possible to imagine, equipped with everything in scenery, properties, wardrobe, etc., that the most

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exacting star could demand, and I can say with truth that I was by no means an exacting star. The company was of exceptional brilliancy as to ability, and most complete in numbers.

During those four weeks I played several important parts for the first time, among them being *Julia* in "The Hunchback," and *Lady Macbeth*. Of *Julia*, as I played it, I remember John McCullough was greatly enamoured, and on this occasion, breaking through his rule not to support any woman star, he played *Sir Thomas Clifford*. He pronounced *Julia* my best part. (Lester Wallack had thus commended my *Juliana*, in the comedy of "The Honeymoon.")

The night I played *Lady Macbeth* for the first time I was very nervous; indeed, I had a pretty severe attack of stage fright, and I had so little confidence in my own memory that in the banquet scene I had a young member of the company ensconced behind my throne-chair, armed with a book of the play, prepared to give me the word if I needed it.

Camille was another part which I played for the first time during this engagement, and

“EAST LYNNE”

each performance was more easy and pleasant than the last.

My four weeks' work at the regular starring terms of the theatre netted me many thousands of dollars, and at its close I stopped in San Francisco long enough to form a company with which to go to Virginia City.

This brief stay led to my playing *Lady Isabel* in “East Lynne” for the first time. It happened this way: Mary Anderson, then slowly emerging from her chrysalis stage of amateur, was to follow me, being booked for a two weeks' engagement. If I remember aright, she opened with *Juliet*, following, I think, with *Evadne*. But after two or three performances she fell ill, and her engagement was brought to an abrupt conclusion.

In those days San Francisco was not the theatrical centre it has since grown to be, and this disarrangement of dates meant a “dark house” for about ten nights. In this dilemma McCullough suggested to me a week's re-engagement, which I declined. He then urged me to play one night, and suggested “East Lynne” as the bill. When I told him I knew

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nothing of the piece, had never even seen it (a perfectly true statement), he promptly and sternly refused to credit so altogether improbable a statement, and the position taken by McCullough was held by every member of the company. When I repeated, with every form of emphasis at my command, that I had never seen "East Lynne," they jeered at me and laughed me out of court.

So, despite my protests, the announcements were made that "in compliance with a universal request" I would play *Lady Isabel*. But now a veritable crisis arose. We could not find a book of the piece. While every member of the company "knew the piece backward," it was very soon learned that none of them knew it forward, and there was nothing for me to do but to "vamp" the part as well as I could; and when I turned reproachfully to McCullough and appealed for sympathy and help, he said, with a fine appearance of confidence, "O, that'll be all right; just sob, and look sorry, and it will go."

Thomas Keene played *Archibald Carlisle*, and from scene to scene he would, in language

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more direct than didactic, instruct me as to the particular form of emotion that was supposed to hold *Isabel* in its thrall, as, "Now she's a jealous cat"; "Now she's kitteny"; "Now she's sorry she was such a fool, and 'gets back' at the other fellow"; "Now she wants her young ones"; and "Now she ups and dies." And from such instruction, more or less fully elaborated, I played *Lady Isabel* to a crowded house, which exhibited every indication of satisfaction at the performance, and I received from McCullough a clear half of the receipts and much praise.

I have assumed the character occasionally since, and to my shame I confess that I have never succeeded in playing it letter-perfect. I remember performing it once under the management of William Henderson, who was one of our old representative actor-managers. After the performance Mr. Henderson came to my dressing-room for a chat. I felt a little uneasy as to what he might have to say about my version of the piece, but to my great surprise and corresponding relief he expressed very great pleasure at my performance. After

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a thoughtful pause he said: "What strikes me with surprise is, when you give so fine a performance of the part, that you never took the trouble to study the lines."

CHAPTER XXXI

VIRGINIA CITY — AN AUDIENCE OF MINERS — A MIDNIGHT
RIDE WITH A GUARD OF HONOUR — DOWN IN A SILVER
MINE

AT the close of my engagement at the California Theatre, San Francisco, I went to Virginia City, Nevada, taking with me a company which was largely selected from members of the stock company of the California Theatre, Mr. McCullough being willing that they should go, and they wishing to do so.

Oh, that Virginia City! It was then a mere mining-camp, consisting of one long street levelled out from the mountain-side. The houses which lined this thoroughfare closely on either side were of wood and one story high. They were all glass-fronted business houses, and the business to which a heavy majority of them appeared to be devoted was the sale of liquor. Indeed, the population of the town seemed to take most of its nourishment in liquid form, for of more simple and solid sorts

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of food there was little or none exposed for sale. The business of the town also seemed to include the public playing of all sorts of games of chance. As one passed along it was common to see in these places — for the doors were all wide open — great piles of gold and silver, sometimes in coin, often in its crude state, heaped up on the small tables with which the places were filled, and around which could be found seated, at all hours of the day and night, all sorts and conditions of men, playing, playing, playing.

The hotel was most primitive in its arrangements, the theatre more so. But the spirit of Midas might have presided over the place, for everywhere there was gold. Nevertheless the men of that rude mountain mining-camp could have taught their brothers in the capitals of the world the fine art of chivalrous, courtly, respectful bearing to women.

The distance between the hotel and the theatre measured not more than one of our city blocks. Along and up and down this little line of street, on my way to and from performances and rehearsals, I passed many

AN AUDIENCE OF MINERS

times, and at any time from midday to midnight, and that same little journey was always marked by the reverent courtesy that might have been bestowed upon a queen on her progress to her coronation. If, as was the common custom, a group of smoking, spitting, swearing men filled the small sidewalk, at my approach every pipe and cigar was for the moment relieved from active service. Every man uncovered, and in a pause of respectful silence I passed through a line of men, every one of whom was, I know, my faithful adherent.

Of this faithful adherence I had, during my brief stay among them, more than one proof. For instance, one night there was a disturbance in the audience which momentarily interrupted the performance during one of my good scenes. My business manager was in front, and a man standing beside him took from his belt, which formed no small armament, a revolver, and offered it to my manager, saying, "Pepper the ——! how dare he interrupt the lady!"

At the time I write of there was but one daily train between New York and San Francisco. The train going east passed through

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Reno—which lay at the foot of the mountain—at some wretched hour about dawn. Virginia City was at, or nearly at, the mountain top, and was reached by a single-track railroad, which also ran one train either way once in every twenty-four hours. The usual thing for travellers going east from Virginia City was to take this train in the evening, reach Reno, distant about twenty-four or twenty-five miles, in a couple of hours, spend the night at the “hotel” at Reno, and be ready to board the east-bound train as it passed through in the morning. This train did not run Sundays; therefore, in the ordinary course of things, my engagement closing Saturday night, I would be obliged to remain all Sunday in Virginia City, and not catch the eastern train until Monday morning.

This loss of time was peculiarly distressing, as time just then was of great value to me. On enquiry I discovered that the mine-owners were in the habit of sending trains of pack-mules, loaded with panniers of ore, down the mountain. So down that mountain-side I determined to go on Saturday night after the

A MIDNIGHT RIDE

close of my last performance, and be in Reno in time to catch my train Sunday morning instead of Monday, thus saving twenty-four hours.

It was necessary to be very secret in my preparations, since the patrons of the theatre, who represented about the entire population of the town, were very jealous of their rights and would have resented very bitterly any cutting of the performance. But everything worked admirably. Tickets for my business manager and myself were secured for the Saturday evening train, and all my trunks went down on that, except the one containing my wardrobe for Saturday night. A phaeton with a fine pair of horses and a driver who knew the road were engaged, and at about midnight we started. I had with me a goodly amount of diamonds, and I had also my week's receipts in gold and silver in bags. The night was dark, but we were provided with a lantern. The driver, with a Winchester rifle across his knees, sat in front; my business manager and I on the back seat, our treasure at our feet, and loaded revolvers in our hands. The cool, solemn silence, after the garish light and rude revelry we had left

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behind, penetrated one's soul. Of fear I had not one impulse; the only feeling I experienced was one of peace, of perfect rest. Not a sound disturbed the air except the occasional cry of some night-bird, or some four-footed denizen of the sage-brush. Occasionally, however, a solitary figure would loom up out of the darkness and disappear. In the cool, clear dawn we reached Reno, and were soon whirling toward the East.

At a little station a few miles from Reno I received a touching and convincing proof of the loyalty of the friends I had made in Virginia City. A letter was handed to me, bidding me good-bye and expressing every good wish, and signed

“THE BOYS WHO PATROLLED YOUR RIDE
TO RENO.”

That explained the presence of the shadowy figures I had from time to time seen loom up through the darkness.

While I was in Virginia City my courage was

DOWN IN A SILVER MINE

submitted to a severe test. The great "California and Ophir Mine" (I think it was called) was in full operation, yielding almost fabulous amounts of ore. Archibald Boland, familiarly known as "Archie" Boland, was the superintendent of the mine; and one of the many courtesies which he extended to me was an invitation to go down the mine. What with long rehearsals and the many demands upon my time I found that I could not manage this excursion during the day. So it was decided that the descent should be made some night after the performance.

It was a glorious moonlight night when — in a man's oil-skin suit — I stepped into the cage. As we descended, and the bright moon, the blue sky, and the shadowed earth passed from my gaze, I had a curious sensation, a mingling of curiosity as to when, if ever, I should see those things again. Or if not, what should I see in their stead? Of fear I had none. Mr. Boland accompanied me, and — as I thought, at the time, unnecessarily — held my two wrists. He afterward told me that his object in doing this was to note the action

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of my pulse, to see if it would quicken or flutter with fear, but it remained perfectly steady.

I cannot say that I found the visit very interesting. We went to the level which they were then working, some 2,000 feet below the surface of the town, and we saw silver, silver, silver, everywhere silver; and everywhere men in more or less savage undress working, and darkness and noise, and great beams overhead propping up the walls of silver. Hot, dusty, thirsty, tired, we again mounted the cage and reached the earth, the dear, old, familiar earth, with the blue sky over our head and the moon sailing gloriously. And oh! it was a fine sight, -- finer than all the silver that ever was dug out of the earth.

CHAPTER XXXII

RENO — A WESTERN HOTEL — THE RENO THEATRE —
PURIFICATION

ON one of my Western tours I received an urgent letter from the proprietor of the theatre in Reno to stop a few days in that town and give a performance. As I had passed through the town several times I did not feel any special inclination to accept this proposition, for a more unpromising spot for any form of art to flourish could not well be imagined.

It was an arid, sandy plain, walled in by mountains, treeless, even shrubless. The white heat of the sun beat down upon white sand. Dotted about at irregular intervals were unsightly little one-story buildings that looked as if their projectors had begun to erect them, but, on taking time to look about them and observe their environments, had fled in horror and haste, lest some impelling influence should induce them to stop and occupy them.

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Straight through this strip of plain ran the lines of iron rail, flanked by a rude platform and the various sheds pertaining to the business of the railroad, and on a line with it and close to the track, ingeniously arranged so that the sad sojourner, who might by adverse circumstances be compelled to stop in it, might not be spared a single clang of the bell, a toot of the whistle, or a grain of dust, smoke or cinders, stood the "hotel."

This had grown to the dignity of two stories. It was a glaring-white, square, wooden shed, with innumerable shutterless windows piercing it on every side. Nothing could be more unpromising of rest or comfort than the exterior of this building, unless it was its interior.

Of anything in the slightest degree like a theatre, hall, or lyceum, or of anything that held out hopes of entertainment or intellectual relaxation in any form, there was nothing visible.

With this picture fixed in my mental vision I hesitated to close with the offer of a brief engagement at Reno. But in the end greed prevailed. I believe the terms I asked were

THE RENO THEATRE

the entire receipts and my fare out of the town, or something just about as reasonable.

I forget where my supporting company was to come from, but, as I recollect their work, they ought to have been returned to the spot from whence they came, and never to have been permitted to leave it.

Well, I went to Reno to play one night. The first thing to do was to see the theatre. I went forth in search of it, and it was promptly pointed out. It was a long, narrow, unpainted wooden barn with a wide double door at one end, and another barn tacked onto it at right angles, the first being the auditorium, the second the stage.

When I first saw this structure it was bare and empty,— empty, that is, save for an odour. Oh! such an odour. The combined essences of Cologne (the town, not the perfume), the bay of Naples, the Roman Ghetto, the — the — any, *any* malodorous spot that can be remembered or imagined, cannot convey the faintest idea of what that odour was.

After the first overpowering moment, when, I confess, I fled before it, I pursued my investigation with the spirit of the explorer and

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the pioneer, determined to pursue that odour to its source; for I knew that it and I could not both occupy that temple of art at the same time.

By this time I found myself surrounded by a goodly escort of small boys, and I called loudly for the man in charge, the janitor. A chorus of voices came to my rescue; they knew him, they would find him. Meantime we penetrated deeper and deeper into the building, steadily approaching the odour and being guided by it.

At the end of the auditorium we encountered three or four steps. These led up to the stage, our escort swarming up with us. Suddenly the air was rent with cries of triumph. The janitor was found. And when we found the janitor, we at the same time found the source of the odour.

The guardian of this temple of the fine arts was a noble red man. He was seated in a large, comfortable, leather-covered arm-chair, looking, with its air of civilisation, as incongruous with its surroundings as its occupant did with it.

REMOVING A JANITOR

My first act was to take steps to procure the removal of the janitor and his surroundings, which consisted of numerous tin cans — all empty; a high hat, much dilapidated, a pair of moccasins; a feather-duster that might have been intended to serve on festive occasions for a head-dress; and various other mysterious articles which perhaps were important details of a warrior's wardrobe. But his removal from his post, which he was vigorously guarding when we rudely interrupted him in the onerous discharge of his duty, was no easy matter.

My self-appointed bodyguard sallied forth into the town, and in a very short time returned, reinforced by a committee of prominent citizens. It required much eloquence on their part, not wholly dissociated from more active measures, as blowing a horn in his ear, pulling his arm-chair from under him, and playing upon him other joyous pranks, to suggest to him the expediency of a change of base. But the most efficacious method was hit upon when every available door and window in the place was thrown open to admit floods of glorious sunshine and breaths of balmy air. At the first breath

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of air that struck him he opened his eyes, shrank away from it, grunted his disapproval of such heroic measures, and, on looking about him and finding himself exposed on every hand to fresh air and sunshine, he reluctantly took his departure, followed by an enthusiastic if not sympathetic train of followers bearing his belongings.

The next step was to examine the dressing-rooms. At one end of the barn which represented the theatre there was a door on which was scrawled "Star." This, on examination, proved to be fully occupied: one half by coal, the other half by cans of coal-oil.

I think the most impartial and easily pleased jury would have decided that these arrangements were not calculated to increase dramatic ardour.

But when the auditorium was swept and sprinkled with clean sand, and filled with a gradually ascending forest of trestles, on which were extended foot-wide planks, and was lighted by clean coal-oil lamps, it looked very different. When it is taken into consideration that every foot of those foot-wide planks brought

PURIFICATION

three dollars into the treasury, its crudities were not so painful to the senses. Brooms and buckets of water, a vigorous scrubbing and judicious distribution of bolts of unbleached muslin did wonders for the dressing-rooms.

CHAPTER XXXIII

SEEKING REST AND FINDING NONE — “WHY DON'T YOU
GO INTO SOME DECENT BUSINESS?” — NEW-MOWN HAY
— THE PROPERTIES OF THE RENO THEATRE

ALTHOUGH in my various pilgrimages I have found many places in many parts of the world which provided me with much unrest, yet that town of Reno is marked with a white stone in my memory as having given me an ideal and most idyllic rest, albeit under somewhat unusual circumstances.

I had come in from rehearsal — such a rehearsal — in the early afternoon of the day on which the performance was to be given — tired, hot, hungry, and with a severe headache. A glance at the dining-room — a long white barn, through the bare windows of which poured sun, heat, dust, and flies, and the government of which was administered by a cabinet of waiter-ladies with clicking heels, small waists, short aprons, and shorter manners — sent me dinnerless to my room, the one window of which, being bare also, admitted the same visitors that

SEEKING REST

were making themselves at home in the *salle-a-manger*.

The house having been built to resemble as closely as possible a penal institution, my room was one of a row, with the doors opposite each other, in a long passage about four feet in width, and in the doorway opposite to mine there sat a young woman in a rocking-chair. This she had placed over the door-sill, so that every swing of the chair as it bumped over that sill — and she rocked with a magnificent vigour — sent a rumble and thrill through the entire building, and, incidentally, through my head. To add to the prospect of my having a nice, quiet afternoon a little boy with a fine, strong, new pair of hobnailed, copper-toed boots was testing their noise-making propensities by galloping up and down the passage.

In the face of all these opposing forces I tried to sleep, but of course unsuccessfully, and after a couple of hours of pain and feverish unrest I opened my door, and in the sweetest and most insinuating tone I could command told the lady opposite of my weariness and headache, concluding by asking her if she would not have

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her little boy play elsewhere. She turned her face — it was a bright little face, and she was a bright, pretty little woman — toward me, and said: “No, I sha-ant! I ain’t a-goin’ to spoil my kid’s fun fer you. Sleepy! Why don’t you go inter some decent business, where you kin sleep nights?”

I felt that her remarks were at least unanswerable, and I retired. Feeling disinclined to woo the drowsy god again, I sat on a hard, straight-backed chair and mechanically looked out of the window. On the other side of the railroad and the white, sun-smitten sandy road there lay a great field of grass, and there also was a high, cool-looking mound of new-mown hay. As I sat, bolt upright, in that hot, comfortless cell of a room, it was a most tempting vision, and as the time dragged along and the shadows about it lengthened it seemed to my tired eyes and wearied fancy to stretch out its arms to me and invite me to find rest beside it; so I made a hasty toilet, and, taking a book, I passed over to that rick of hay.

Oh! how cool and sweet and delicious it was, as I sank down upon its fragrant softness, and

NEW-MOWN HAY

how I did enjoy the sweetness and the quiet, and I settled down in a hollow of my fragrant retreat to rest and read; for I felt that, much as I should have enjoyed doing so, it would not be *quite* the thing, even in unconventional Nevada, to yield to my great desire to take a nap there; so I would just rest, and read, and think, and — and ——

Eh? What? Where was I? The sun had gone down, the dark shadows of night were closing in, and here was my business manager — with the face expressive of the condition of a manager who sees a sinister possibility of a full house being dismissed, and the money returned — bending over me.

It was nearly time to “ring up”; the house was full; the lamps were trimmed; the hotel and its inmates were in a state of excitement in which disappointment at the possibility of missing the “show” and anticipation of a spicy tragedy were about equally divided; and here had I been asleep for hours on my happily found couch of new-mown hay.

The play, selected by popular choice, was “Camille.” Of the performance, the scenes,

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the properties, the costumes, no amount of description would do justice to all or any of them. The supper-table was a study at once of simplicity of detail and ingenuity of resource. The *epergne* of fruit which decorated its centre consisted of an old straw hat, inverted, and containing three withered apples; and the glasses from which we were supposed to quaff champagne were two thick tumblers of unequal size and one thick coffee-cup with a broken handle.

Of my *Armand*, to say that he was absolutely ignorant of the lines of his part is but faintly to express his shortcomings. It was not so much what he did not say that was so painful as what he *did* say. And he was entirely and airily satisfied with himself and his efforts.

Realising the situation, and being anxious to keep the performance somewhere within the lines of the story, I adopted a desperate course. As he stood regarding me with a smirk of senile self-sufficiency, I would exclaim, "Ah, Armand, I know what you would say," and then I would speak such of his lines as were necessary to

VIGOROUS ACTING

make it possible for *Camille* to reply, and proceed with my own part.

This action of mine produced an unexpected effect upon him. At first he was surprised, then bewildered, then angry. Turning fiercely upon me, he exclaimed, "Cum-mille, you ain't worth no man's love. I'll leave you forever," and rushed for the centre door to effect an exit. But I was too quick for him. I caught his coat-tails just as they were disappearing, and, bringing him back upon the stage, I cried in tones of anguish, "Armand! you shall not leave me thus!" — and, clinging to him, I held him on the stage by main force till I managed to bring the curtain down.

The local paper, I remember, called especial attention to the extremely lifelike and vigorous acting of this scene.

CHAPTER XXXIV

SALT LAKE CITY — THE GUEST OF BRIGHAM YOUNG — THE
KING OF UTAH — POLYGAMY

SALT LAKE CITY is to-day, as I understand from recent visitors there, a typical, thriving, Western business centre, differing in no special features from any other town of like size; but a quarter of a century ago it was unique. I think no other spot on earth was like it, and it was like no other spot on earth; it was such a mingling of the savage and the civilised, the fervid pietist and the reckless agnostic, the thrifty money-spinner and the careless spend-thrift.

The same strong contrasts that marked its social aspects characterised its natural features. It was a great strip of sandy desert, backed by frowning mountains, and made all the more awe-inspiring by the mysterious presence of the Great Salt Lake. But this sandy desert had, by the marvellous energy of the sect that had put up its tents in it, been transformed into

GUEST OF BRIGHAM YOUNG

a garden. The streets were shaded by trees, and made sweet and refreshing by pure water, both having been brought down from those frowning mountains. Cleanliness, order, quiet, and apparent peace reigned everywhere.

To this most interesting spot I was invited to come and play an engagement. I timed my acceptance so that my season would close there, and thus I might devote a brief time to a visit in the city and its neighbourhood. On my arrival I was waited upon by a couple of white-whiskered, reverend-looking men, the bearers of an invitation from Brigham Young to become his guest during my stay. When I learned that I was to be entertained at the best hotel in the place, where the best suite had been reserved for me, and not in any one of the score or so of his marital establishments, I promptly accepted the great polygamist's hospitality.

The next morning a fine carriage, drawn by a pair of spanking bays, drew up in front of the hotel, and a message was sent me that this carriage was at my disposal for the period of my stay. Promptly at nine o'clock every

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morning it appeared, and a great joy and comfort it was to me.

I lost no time in paying my respects to my host, and a very interesting old man I found him. He certainly was a most courteous, thoughtful, and attentive host, and he lost no opportunity to make my visit agreeable. Day after day parties were formed to go to some one of the many marvellous spots with which the surrounding country abounded, and these parties were usually recruited from members of his very numerous families. There were scores of young and middle-aged men and women who called him father, and they one and all treated him with great respect and deference. I soon found, however, that his many wives were very chary of meeting, and always referred to each other in cold, grudging terms. This state of feeling seemed to be universal among Mormon wives.

In all essentials, but not in name, Brigham Young was a sovereign, and his rule was absolute. Nothing could exceed his pride in his principality and in his own part in its establishment. He would point to the great range

A TALK ON POLYGAMY

of mountains all around us, and say, "Look at 'em; all the gold in California is nothin' compared with the wealth that's in them mountains." And when I put to him the pertinently natural question why he did not get some of it out, he would answer: "If I did, we would be swarmed out and trodden down by armies of Gentiles, for the Gentiles love gold a heap better than they do their God, for all their talk."

We had many talks on the subject of his peculiar faith, more particularly the feature of polygamy, which he, of course, strenuously defended, while I as strenuously opposed it.

I particularly remember one little incident. He took me one day, on a visit of inspection, to a house in course of erection. As we passed from room to room this subject of polygamy was under discussion, and by way of illustrating his argument he pointed out the many spacious advantages of the house, and said:

"Now, suppose you were living in this house, and say you were sealed to me, and I were to bring in another wife and establish her in another wing, why should you object? What would you do?"

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To which I replied:

“Do? I would dance on her!”

The old man dropped on a pile of lumber that lay conveniently near, and laughed until I thought he would do himself an injury.

CHAPTER XXXV

PLAYING A BOY'S PART FOR THE ONLY TIME — *CLEOPATRA*
— HENRY BERGH'S EULOGY

It is a rather odd circumstance, in view of the large range of characters I have impersonated, that I have never played but one boy's part. That was when I was a green girl and was cast for the part of *Violente*, in the comedy of "The Honeymoon." In those days I made my own costumes, and in a general way was my own milliner and dressmaker. So I set to work, studied the character, and made myself a nice little costume for it.

The night of the performance came. With some pride, but with more trepidation, I donned my page's suit. During the progress of my dressing for the part, the women of the company, whose dressing-room I shared, submitted me to a running fire of comment and criticism more pertinent than polite.

I bore this as well as I could, though I con-

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fess that it stung. But it was when I went to the greenroom, and was made the target for the remarks of the masculine members of the company, that my real sufferings began. They were quite frank in the expression of their opinions as to my appearance on this particular occasion, and my general fitness to play boys' parts. I had found the comments of my professional sisters quite hard to digest; they were tonic, if somewhat bitter; but those of my professional brothers were much more unpleasant, though they were sweet, cloyingly sweet, and their effect upon me was to reduce me to tears, partly of embarrassment, but mainly of helpless indignation.

The result of all this was that *Violente* went on the stage with a pair of red eyes, a swollen nose (which no amount of powder could reduce to symmetry), and a voice choked with unuttered sobs. The end of the performance came at last. I went to my dressing-room, and, as I dropped my pretty little page's suit, I laid it in a neat heap on the floor with the remark that the costume was entirely at the service of any one who liked to take it, as I should

PLAYING A BOY'S PART

never need it again, for the reason that I would never again play a boy's part.

This declaration of mine was met by a volley of remarks, some of derision, some of amusement, some of lofty disapproval. One lady said, with severe acrimony, "Ah, young one, you'll get bravely over all that nonsense. You'll play many a boy's part before you get through your career as an actress, if you propose to *be* an actress."

Whereupon I retorted, "I *will* be an actress, and my name as an actress will be known and will live when you and your name are forgotten, and I will *never* again play a boy's part."

And never since have I played in that character. But I think my resolution was a very stupid one, for because of it I have deprived myself of the privilege of playing some glorious parts, such as *Imogene*, *Viola*, and *Rosalind*.

But I have consoled myself for never having played any of these delightful characters by appearing as some of the great heroines of Shakespeare, as *Lady Macbeth*, *Beatrice*, *Hermione*, and *Cleopatra*. I am often asked which is my favourite character, and I am never able

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to answer this question conclusively. But I certainly enjoyed playing *Cleopatra* more than any other part, and I think that was, perhaps, because of many contributing causes — the most potent, may be, being the fact that at the time when I first played the *role* I had but recently returned from a residence of some years' duration in the East, and was more or less permeated with the Oriental atmosphere. While in Egypt I had actually lived for a while upon almost the identical spot where, long ago, had stood a summer palace of Cleopatra.

Then I had brought with me from the East many things that I used in arranging my costumes,—silks, quaintly fringed scarfs from Damascus, shawls from Persia, and ornaments of virgin gold and silver, rudely beaten out and set with gems. From drawings and photographs which I was at great pains to procure, from copies of ornaments which had from time to time been discovered by the researches of archæologists and preserved in the museums, I had had made crowns and other headgear, jewelled belts, girdles, armlets, bracelets, earrings, and various ornaments, all of which were

“ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA”

faithful counterparts of the gewgaws with which women of that faraway period had bedecked themselves.

All these details helped to fix in my mind a certainty and clearness that I would be able to *look* the part, at any rate; and I think that every actress will agree with me that to feel sure that one looks a part is always a great help in playing it.

Another important factor, and one which added greatly to my enjoyment of the performance, was the complete, correct, and gorgeous character of the production. It was at the California Theatre, under John McCullough's management. There had been an arrangement entered into between McCullough and myself, at the close of an engagement, that I should return the following year and play a Shakespearean heroine, for which he would make a production. Whatever I may or may not have done, he most nobly kept his share of the compact.

After much discussion “Antony and Cleopatra” was the piece settled upon, and with much tribulation I set to work to study the

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part; and, without overstepping modesty, I can say I played it well. There is no doubt that *Cleopatra* is the strongest, the most complex, and most difficult to realise of all Shakespeare's heroines. It calls upon the actress to run the gamut of every emotion and every passion which the heart is capable of feeling or the tongue is capable of expressing, and to be able to depict her in all her varying moods is to elevate histrionism to its apex.

The production had a run of four weeks, an unprecedented success in those days in California. Afterward I played the piece in the various cities North, South, East and West, but never under the agreeable circumstances or with the artistic surroundings that marked its first production.

I remember one incident that marked this difference. Henry Bergh, the founder of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, was a man of more than ordinary intellect and literary attainment, and was a loving student of Shakespeare. He attended a performance of the piece when I was most inadequately supported. Afterward he called upon me, and

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on his entrance he saluted me, not in my own person, but as *Cleopatra*. He then went on to say that the illusion which my make-up and general appearance and performance created was so complete that he would never again be able to dissociate me in his thoughts from Egypt's queen. "In fact," he continued, "as you reclined upon your throne, regarding the various persons who were about you, it seemed to me that you were observing them with a mixture of contemptuous amusement and curiosity, as wondering if they were trying to entertain you, and thinking how unsuccessful they were."

CHAPTER XXXVI

LONDON AND ITS NOTABLES — TOM TAYLOR — THE OLYMPIC THEATRE — BEERBOHM TREE — THE EFFECT OF TOO REALISTIC ACTING — A NOBLE LORD'S CRITICISM — "ANNIE THOMAS"

My second visit to Europe was at the close of a long season, and for the same reason that occasioned the first, to obtain a much-needed rest, for I was pretty thoroughly worn out, having played *Cleopatra* during the preceding year almost exclusively.

I had no intention of acting while abroad, for, before my departure, I had signed a contract with Colonel Sinn to play under his management the following season, beginning in September. As he had arranged to have me play a pretty extensive repertory, the necessity for the devotion of many weeks to preparatory rehearsals made my early return imperative.

While in London I had the good fortune to fall into a most interesting social set of actors, writers, and other notables. Among them were Charles Reade, "Tom" Taylor, Wilkie Collins,

TOM TAYLOR

“Annie Thomas,” Sir John Millais, W. S. Gilbert, Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, J. S. Clark (who, though an American, had long been known as a London manager), B. F. Chatterton, the Duke of Beaufort, Lord Londesborough, Robert Buchanan, Edmund Yates, John Coleman, Mrs. Charles Kean, Lionel Brough, Henry J. Byron, Mrs. Chippendale, and a host of others.

I have a particularly pleasant recollection of Tom Taylor. Possibly my memory of him is only another proof of the power of mutual admiration, for, from our first meeting, although he had never seen me act, he conceived a great admiration for my dramatic powers, and he seemed to be impressed with the idea that there were characteristics in my personality and general presence which, to his mind, seemed eminently to fit me to realise the tragic and heroic.

So impressed was he with this idea that he was very anxious to write a tragedy for me, with Boadicea, Queen of Britain, for its heroine, but somehow the subject did not appeal to me, and nothing ever came of the scheme.

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In his personal appearance Tom Taylor was the very opposite of the usual literary man; he looked much more like a well-to-do miller. He affected grey clothing and a soft grey hat, and when one saw his fine, strong face crowned with iron-grey hair, he looked like a miller powdered with his own stock.

Both Tom Taylor and Charles Reade were very desirous that I should play *Cleopatra* in London, predicting a great success; but as by this time it was June, and I was to return to America in August, such an appearance was out of the question. I did, however, play two short engagements in London, in both of which I had the good fortune to be very successful.

My first character was *Nancy Sykes* at the Olympic Theatre, London, where the audiences liked my *Nancy* much better than I ever did. I always disliked the part from the first time I played it in association with Wallack and Davenport.

As a result of this brief engagement I received offers from several London managers, which, if I had been free to accept them, would have filled out a year in that city, in that part alone.

REALISTIC ACTING

At this time the lesseeship of Drury Lane Theatre was to be disposed of, and Chatterton and Harris were rival competitors. Mr. Chatterton offered me an engagement there under the most flattering conditions, in the event of his obtaining possession of it. But Harris won.

It was during my engagement at the Olympic Theatre that Beerbohm Tree made his first professional appearance, although he had long been known as an amateur of marked ability. On the occasion I refer to he played the part of a German waiter in a curtain-raiser.

A somewhat interesting incident occurred during this engagement. One night, some time after the curtain had fallen, while I was busy removing the traces of *Nancy's* tragic death, a gentleman appeared at the door of my dressing-room, having been brought there by an usher from the front of the house. After profuse apologies for his intrusion, he begged me to go with him to the assistance of the young lady under his escort, who with him had witnessed the performance, was in great distress of mind on my account, and refused to be comforted. He said if she could see me, she would

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be convinced of my safety, but he feared in no other way.

I slipped on some garment and went with him. The theatre was dark and empty, save for a little group which the dim light of a lantern in the hand of the night watchman showed me at the top of the three steps leading down to the stalls. There, sitting on the top step, was a fair young woman, her dress dishevelled, her beautiful brown hair fallen about her shoulders, her hands pressed tightly over her eyes. She was rocking herself, and moaning and muttering incoherently. I sat down beside her, took her hands in mine, drew them from her face, and cheerfully begged her to see for herself that I was not in the slightest degree the worse for all the dreadful scenes she had witnessed.

At the sound of my voice she threw back her head and listened, slowly opened her eyes, looked searchingly into my face, and, being at last convinced of who I was, flung herself into my arms with a cry of: "Oh, you poor dear, they didn't kill you after all!" After which she pulled herself together and went home, to

A NOBLEMAN'S CRITICISM

the great relief of all of us who wanted to do likewise.

The criticism of Lord Londesborough was quite as hearty and sincere, though it was offered in a somewhat original fashion. After the curtain had fallen upon poor dead *Nancy*, he came to my dressing-room to pay his respects, but when he found himself there he seemed to be a bit bewildered. He peered at me through his glasses, his face wearing an expression of helpless amazement. Finally he took my hands in his, but seemed to be at a loss to know what to do with them, and, looking down upon me, his expression of amazement momentarily increasing, he muttered at intervals: "Extraordinary! 'Pon my life, mos' extraordinary!" Then, dropping my hands, he backed toward the door, only to return and repeat this ceremony several times, at last making his exit. But even then there still floated back to me, "Mos' extraordinary! really mos' extraordinary!"

I found much to interest me in "Annie Thomas." I had long been familiar with her

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name, having often read it on the title-pages of her novels, and had as often wondered why she had never come to the front, for I thought her literary work far in advance of that of many of her fellow-workers in the same field, who had achieved success. After meeting her I no longer wondered, unless it was to wonder how, with the many claims she had upon her, she managed to do so much. In real life she was Mrs. Annie Cudlipp. Her husband, a clergyman, was in charge of a large, turbulent, East End London parish, where he held three daily services and drew a salary of fifty pounds a year. She had a large family of small children, and was a devoted wife and mother. Besides being a bright, pretty woman, fond of society, she managed, despite all these claims upon her time and energies, to keep in touch with her other work.

One morning I met her on the Strand. Her appearance denoted that she was in some trouble. "Oh, my dear!" she exclaimed, "I am in such a scrape. When I left home this morning I had fifty pages of 'scrip' for '*Tin.*'" This, being translated, meant that she had

A LOST MANUSCRIPT

written fifty pages of manuscript on a serial story that was running in "Tinsley's Magazine." "And now, look!"—pointing to a bag which hung upon her arm—"When I was leaving the 'bus a few moments ago, this beast" — shaking her little black bag — "had its mouth wide open, and my fifty pages are gone to the devil!— God forgive me!— and I a parson's wife!"

I soothed and comforted her, assuring her that William Tinsley, whom I knew quite well as one of the kindest of men, would straighten the matter out for her.

We turned into Catharine Street, and, finding Mr. Tinsley in his office, she repeated to him her tale of woe. He turned away without a word, and stood with his back to us for a brief time, then returned, and, patting Mrs. Cudlipp on the shoulder, said: "There, there, Annie, we'll manage. We'll insert a slip in this month's edition, saying, 'Owing to a press of matter, Annie Thomas's charming story is unavoidably crowded out this month.' Now, go home, pull yourself together, and write something a deal better."

CHAPTER XXXVII

WILKIE COLLINS — CHARLES READE — THE INFLUENCE OF
CHARLES DICKENS — *NANCY SYKES* CONVERTS A BAP-
TIST

AMONG the literary men whom I met in London, perhaps Wilkie Collins was as great a surprise, and, in a way, as great a disappointment, as I ever experienced in a first meeting with a "notable." In all Mr. Collins's stories I had read, his men, especially his villains, had been big, portentous, heavy men; while he, in his own person, was the exact opposite of all these, and certainly, in dealing out all these fine proportions to his characters, Wilkie Collins displayed a modesty unusual among people of his craft.

He was "the mildest-mannered man," and almost the smallest, I ever met, who was not positively a dwarf. His hands and feet were almost dwarfed, and as he sat perched up on a rather high chair at his writing-table, with his grizzled beard flowing over his breast, and his low, soft voice flowing out in silvery accents,

AN AUTHOR'S WEAKNESS

his head surmounted with a quaintly shaped skull-cap, he looked rather like a wizard who had fallen under the ban of his fairy godmother, who in anger had deprived him of his legs.

The first time I met him, he was suffering from one of his frequent attacks of gout. I remember, when I mentioned this circumstance to Charles Reade, that gentleman said — and there seemed to be a sort of gusto, a sense of satisfaction in his tone: “Ah! Wilkie has been drinking champagne! He *will* do it, though he knows it's poison to him. The very moment he gets a bit better, off he will trot to the club and have a good ‘tuck-in’ of lobster and champagne, and so gets another attack.”

This gloating over the weakness of his literary brother struck me as particularly human, for this was precisely one of Mr. Reade's many weaknesses. His enemy was dyspepsia, and any deviation from simple fare was sure to be followed by a sharp attack of this malady, with the inevitable result of reducing him to repentance, abstemiousness, and bad temper.

He was under the influence of this combination when, one day, I visited Covent Garden

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with him. With the inconsistency that so often marked his conduct, he bought for me the rarest fruit and the most beautiful plants, exhibiting in his selections the finest taste and the most lavish generosity; and then he dragged me, shamefaced enough, through the length of the market, begging of every stall-keeper the gift of a bruised peach, of which dainty morsel he expressed himself as being extravagantly fond.

I think it is conceded that Charles Dickens was a powerful teacher of Christian charity; and it was once my privilege to be his apostle, the knowledge of which came to me in rather an odd way. I was crossing the Atlantic on my return voyage, and as I sat huddled in my steamer-chair, looking, as I always do look on shipboard, more like a bundle of rags than a reasonable woman, I noticed among my fellow-passengers a venerable-looking, white-haired man in the garb of a clergyman. One day, the captain, with whom I had crossed many times, said this old gentleman wished to be presented to me. I consented, thinking that knowing my profession, the minister felt it his duty to make an effort to convert me. I

A BAPTIST CONVERT

was quite wrong; it was, on the contrary, to thank me for having been the cause of his conversion. The means of my doing this, summarised, were as follows:

This old man had been educated a Baptist of the most severe type, and had never read a novel or any work of fiction. The mental illness of a brother-in-law had occasioned this, his first visit to Europe, the imperative condition being that, while it was dangerous to oppose his change, it was equally imperative that he should be closely and constantly watched and accompanied everywhere he chose to go.

One night during my London engagement this brother-in-law of my new acquaintance, finding himself in front of the Olympic Theatre, where I was playing *Nancy Sykes*, walked in, and his relative was forced to follow him. The old gentleman said to me: "I felt that I was walking through the gates of hell," and then he proceeded to describe his feelings and experiences. At first, his horror at finding himself in a theatre swept away every other thought, but gradually he found himself becoming more interested in poor *Nancy*, the womanhood of

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the poor creature shining out amid the gloom and wretchedness and sin of her surroundings. In short, he told me that when the curtain fell he awakened to the truth that he had received one of the deepest, most far-reaching lessons in Christian charity of his life, and he felt profound gratitude to Charles Dickens for having given the world the story, and to me for having revealed it to him.

This confession, as it were, on his part, led to long talks between my convert and myself, with the result that he expressed the determination to enter upon a new course of reading of humanity, which, beginning with the great teacher, Shakespeare, should include all the standard writers of English fiction from the Elizabethan to the Victorian era.

That he carried out this resolution I know, for the acquaintance, which was begun under such unusual circumstances, ripened into a friendship which was brought to an end only by the death of my friend.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

EDMUND YATES.— ROBERT BUCHANAN — MRS. W. E. GLADSTONE — PROFESSOR BLACKIE — PALGRAVE SIMPSON

AMONG the men whom I met in London were Edmund Yates and Robert Buchanan. It is rather paradoxical to mention them together, for no two men were ever farther apart. They had had, at some time, a very bitter quarrel, and, being both very bumptious, and holding very exaggerated opinions of their own importance, each nursed his wrath against the other, which, as a consequence, was always at white heat. It was quite understood among their mutual friends and acquaintances that Buchanan's name was not to be mentioned in Yates's presence, and *vice versa*. Occasionally, however, someone, bent on a bit of fun, would break this rule, and then —

Edmund Yates's wife was the daughter of a saddlemaker who had accumulated a fortune, a large portion of which had fallen to this daughter. She was — letting her tell it — the

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greatest lady in London. About the time I met them they had just moved into a fine house in an ultra-aristocratic neighbourhood, and, in speaking of the arrangement of her new abode, she said: "I shall not use the rooms on the first floor at all; they will be used for offices and reception-rooms for writers and actors, and that sort of person that Edmund always has about him." As "Edmund" was the son of an actor and actress, and "that sort of person," her remark was in peculiarly good taste.

Robert Buchanan and his wife were of quite a different sort,— whole-souled, hospitable, and unconventional. Indeed it sometimes struck me that Robert Buchanan was a trifle too unconventional; as, for instance, when he walked into a box at the theatre to pay his respects to me, arrayed in a heavy tweed suit.

I often found Englishmen more careless in matters of dress than Americans. Charles Reade once gave me rather a shock when he called to take me to some social function, and he was dressed in a long, loose, black velvet garment, that, if he had worn it at home, would

MRS. W. E. GLADSTONE

have passed very well for a dressing-gown. To add to his appearance he was without his false teeth. I have no doubt they were quietly reposing in the waste-paper basket in his writing-room, their usual refuge. An Englishwoman, however, will rise to her circumstances with more courage than we Americans are apt to do. Her gown may be of cheap material, if she cannot afford better, and it may not be well or tastefully made, but it will always be conventionally correct for the occasion on which it is worn.

I speak with profound respect for the lady, but one of the worst, if not the very worst, dressed women I ever met in society was Mrs. William Ewart Gladstone. I remember on one occasion meeting her at luncheon at Dalmeny, where we were guests of Earl Rosebery. She was arrayed in a gown of shabby, once black velveteen, trimmed with cheap cotton lace.

Dalmeny, which is near Edinburgh, reminds me of a noble man, indeed, whom I had the privilege of meeting in that old town,— John Stuart Blackie, professor of Greek at Edin-

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burgh University. No man was more beloved and revered in the university and in the community than was this gracious, kingly old man.

Never shall I forget the sensation which his advent created in a usually quiet household on the occasion of his first call upon me. I was having my afternoon tea "wi' a wee bittee hot scone," in the cosy sitting-room of my Edinburgh lodging, when my hostess fell in, and with starting eyes and heaving breast gasped, with bated breath, "He's bye! he's ben the hoose! he's comin' up the stair! It's you, mem, it's you he's wantin'; I her-ed him speak yer name!"

And out she rushed; while I sat amazed, and wondering whether this visitor was a Mahatma from Tibet or a sheriff from New York, that his appearance created such consternation.

From without I heard mysterious sounds of opening and shutting of drawers, scuffling and shuffling of feet, and whispers in excited tones. Then silence, followed by the sound of a firm footstep on the landing.

The door opened, and my landlady, looking inches taller and miles grander than I had ever

A PACKED HOUSE

seen her before, and arrayed in a long, black silk apron, and a cap with flowers at the sides and flowing Gibbon strings, handed me a card, bearing the Professor's name. When I read it, and calmly asked her to show the gentleman in, and fetch another cup and saucer, her consternation was complete. But it was when the Professor departed that the great sensation occurred; I accompanied him to the door, and we found awaiting his appearance literally a packed house. Every inch of available space was filled. The dear, kindly old man, accustomed as he was to these marks of love, did not share my surprise at this demonstration, but passed down through the crowd, flinging quips and pleasant greetings; and a fine, pleasant sight he was, with his snow-white hair flowing about his neck, under his black, soft, slouched hat, and carrying on his shoulders a mantle of the Stuart plaid.

Palgrave Simpson was another English writer whom I met. He always struck me as being the most un-Bohemian writer I ever knew. He was a quiet, serious, unobtrusive gentleman,

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and when in his company it was hard to realise that he was the author of many comedies and rattling farces that have held a place on the English stage for the last twenty or thirty years.

He wanted me to play *Lady Dedlock* in his dramatisation of "Bleak House," but I had had the good fortune to see Madame Janauschek play that part, in conjunction with *Hortense*, the vindictive waiting-maid of her haughty ladyship, and I was not willing to disturb my recollection of her admirable performance of those two parts.

CHAPTER XXXIX

CHANGES IN THE PROFESSION — LUCILLE WESTERN —
LOUIS ALDRICH — JAMES A. HERNE — ADAH ISAACS
MENKEN

OTHER times, other manners. No greater change has taken place in matters theatrical than in the ways of actresses. It used to be the custom for an actress of any prominence to surround herself with an atmosphere of exclusiveness and mystery. She was never to be seen, as she may be constantly, to-day, upon the ordinary promenade, or at the theatre, or shopping, or at teas, or receptions.

She was known personally only to a few intimate friends. The public never saw her, except upon the stage.

Many times, some thirty years ago, I happened to stop at the same hotel with Lucille Western. She was a beautiful creature, and then in the zenith of her charms and her reputation. I remember how jealously she guarded herself from casual observation. She never

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permitted herself to enter the public rooms of the hotel, such as the parlour, reception-room, and dining-room. Her meals were always served in her own apartment, and when she left or entered the hotel she would pass swiftly and silently along, not only her face, but also her head and shoulders, draped in a heavy black-lace veil.

Even in her own room she always kept this veil near her, and, if a knock came to the door, she would invariably cover her face with it before the summons was answered.

This conduct on the part of Lucille Western may have been a little extreme, for she was an intense woman and given to extremes, but the rule of exclusiveness and aloofness from observation used to be general with actresses.

Two men, with whom I had personal intercourse, and each prominent in their respective paths of life, were Louis Aldrich and James A. Herne. Of the former more perhaps than of any man I ever knew might in truth be quoted these lines:

None knew him but to love him,
None named him but to praise.

AN INVETERATE GUYER

When the grave closed upon him every actor and actress lost a true friend.

Though Louis Aldrich was in the fullest and freest sense of the term a legitimate actor, there is no denying that he was also an inveterate "guyer," and he could "guy" so artistically, with so serious a face and so dignified a port, with so much poise and self-possession, that while those in the scene with him would be convulsed with laughter, and would have much ado to hold themselves together, the audience would never for a moment suspect him. An example of this occurs to me.

I was in the cast with him in a war-piece written by Augustus Thomas, called "Surrender." In this piece there was a court-martial, at which Mr. Aldrich enacted the part of the judge-advocate. There was an amusing interchange between the president of the court and the comedian.

Now this comedian was a bit of a "guyer" himself, so they had several tilts. On this particular night, when the comedy man came up for examination, Mr. Aldrich straightened himself up, looked at the witness with severe,

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judicial dignity, and in a deep, portentous voice went on to say: "I know what you are about to tell me, sir. You would tell me," — and then proceeded to give the unfortunate wight's entire scene, gags and all. That comedian's face was a study.

Of the famous Herne I saw much less than I did of Aldrich, either as actor or as man, but the little I did see endeared him to me for both his art and his heart.

The recent death of Mr. Newell — "Orpheus C. Kerr"—reminds me of the only time I ever saw — or, what is really of more worth, heard — Adah Isaacs Menken.

In the words of *Little Buttercup*, "many years ago, when I was young and charming," I used to patronise a French hairdresser named Gentil. One morning I went to his place, and on entering I saw a swathed and betowelled form occupying the operating-chair. Apologising, I was about to beat a hasty retreat, when the figure turned toward me. I then saw one of the loveliest faces I ever beheld, and a voice begged me to remain. Never, either before or since, have I heard anything so perfect in



ADAH ISAACS MENKEN

sound as that voice. It transfixed me; it was like the softest, sweetest tones of an æolian harp. My admiration roused my curiosity,—a quality usually rather inactive with me. I took an early opportunity to ask Gentil who his beautiful-faced, syren-voiced patroness was, and he told me it was Adah Isaacs Menken.

THE END

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